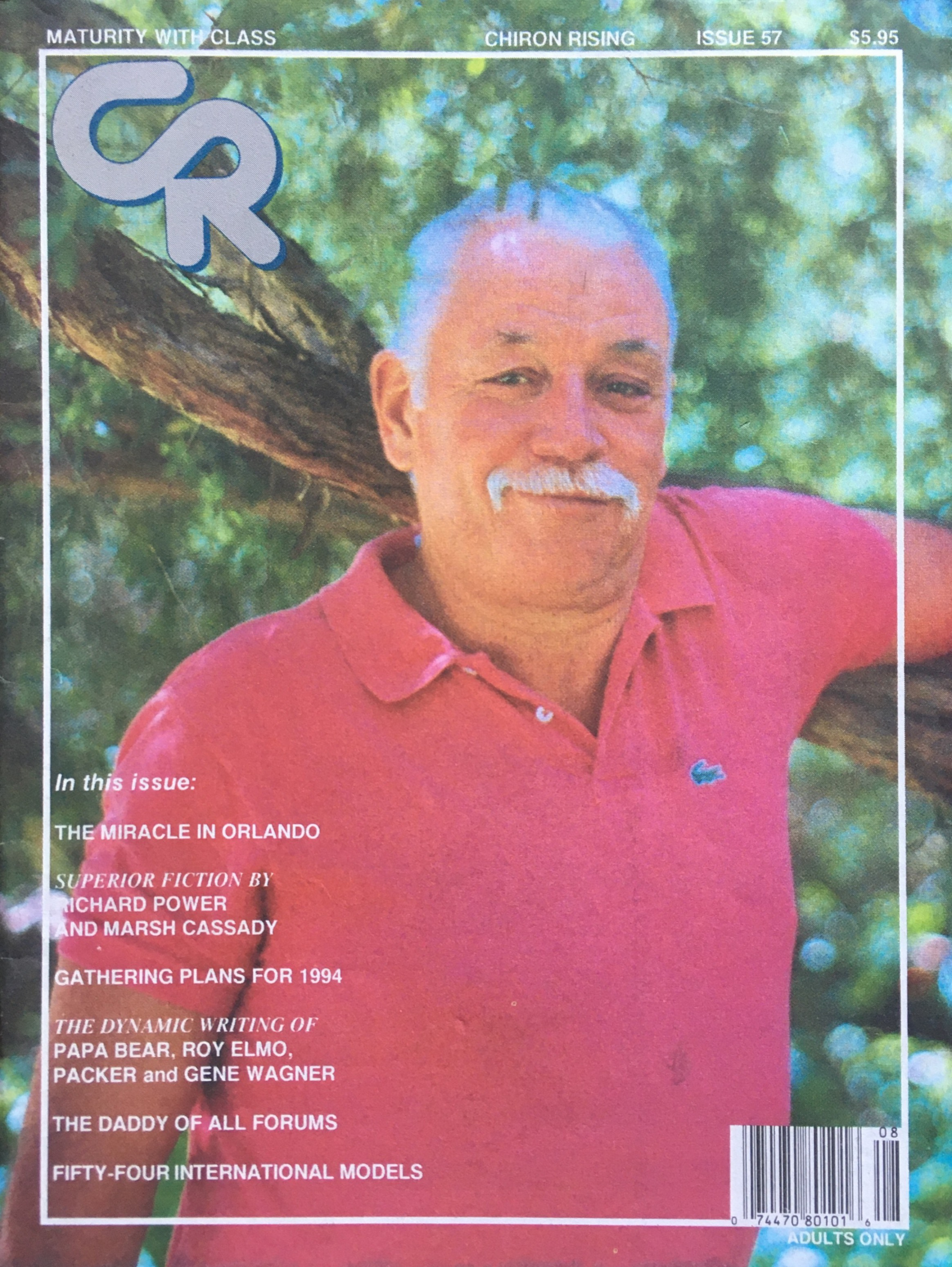
MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING ISSUE 57 $5.95



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THE MIRACLE IN ORLANDO

SUPERIOR FICTION BY
RICHARD POWER
AND MARSH CASSADY

GATHERING PLANS FOR 1994

THE DYNAMIC WRITING OF
PAPA BEAR, ROY ELMO,
PACKER and GENE WAGNER

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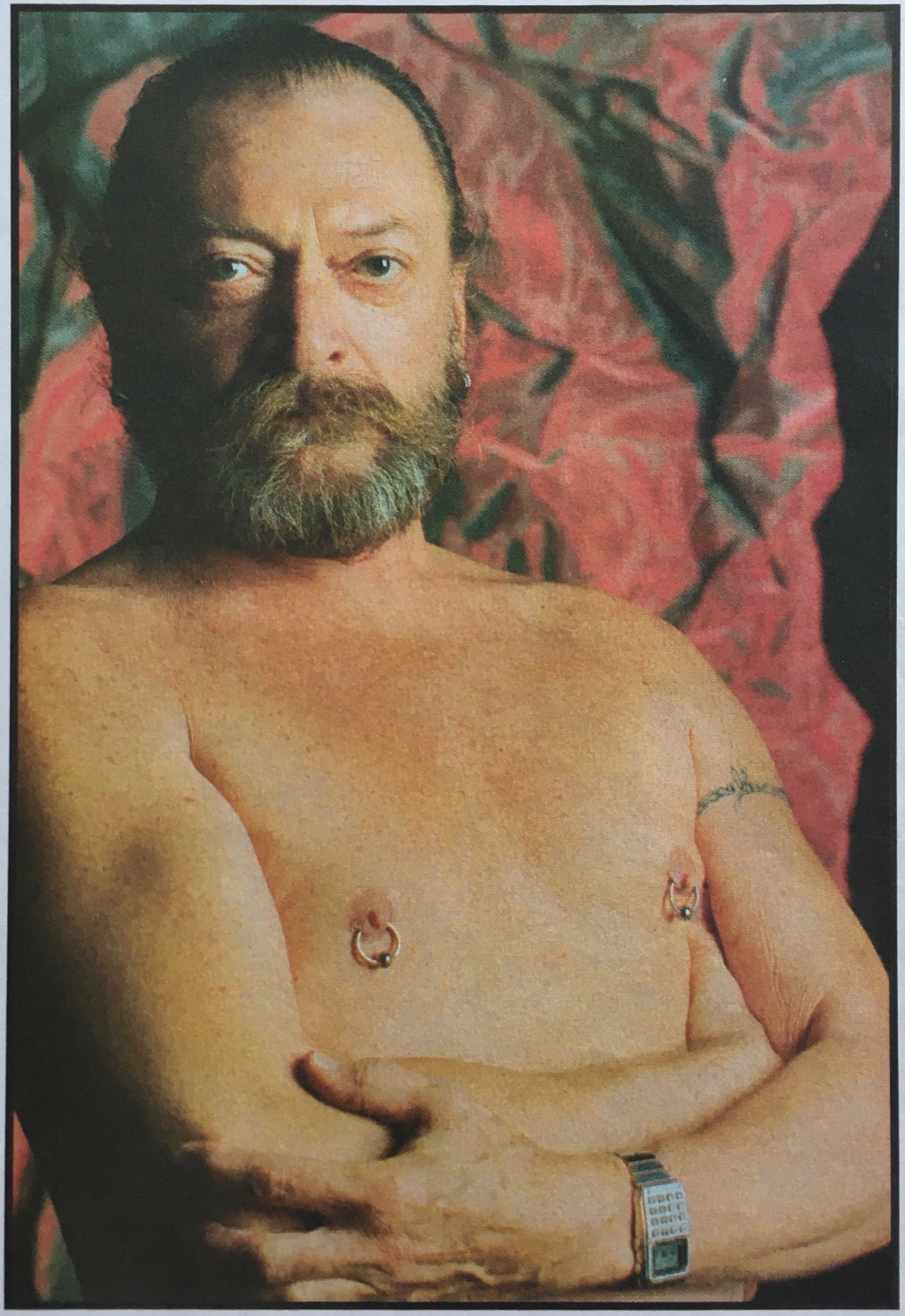

PHOTO BY THOMAS BYERS

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CHIRON·RISING

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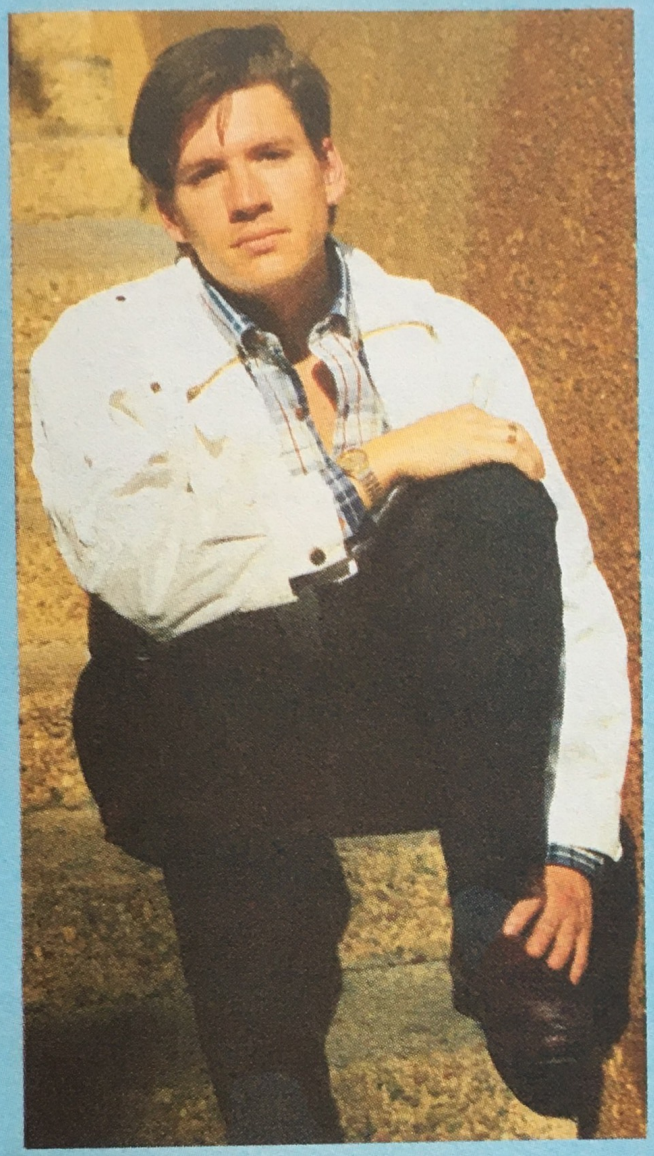
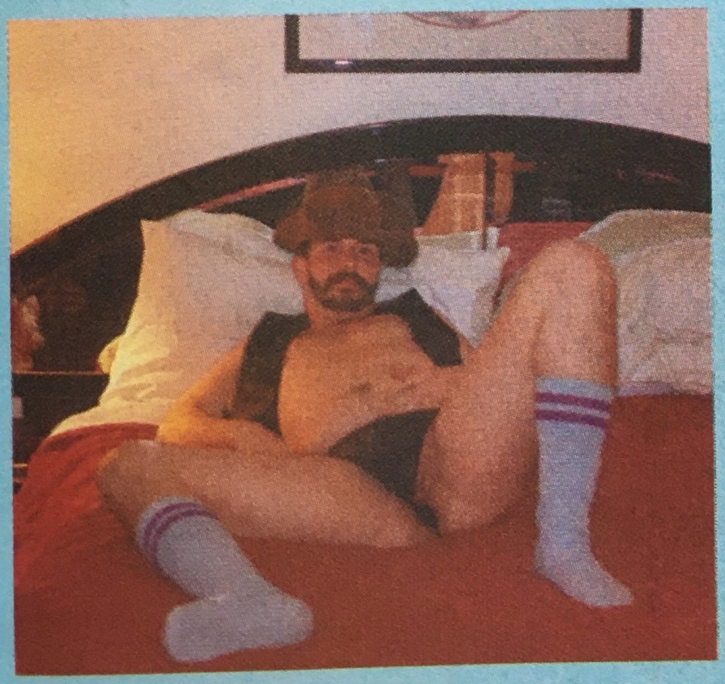
CR IS A CELEBRATION OF THE MATURE MAN IN ALL HIS MANY SIZES, COLORS AND SEXUAL ORIENTATIONS. OUR GOALS ARE TO PUBLISH THE FINEST ADULT ENTERTAINMENT OF INTEREST TO THE MATURE MAN AND HIS MANY ADMIRERS AND TO PROVIDE OUR READERS WITH A CONTACT NETWORK THROUGH WHICH THEY MAY ENRICH THEIR LIVES WITH NEW FRIENDS, LIFE-MATES AND A SENSE OF RENEWED DIGNITY AND BELONGING.

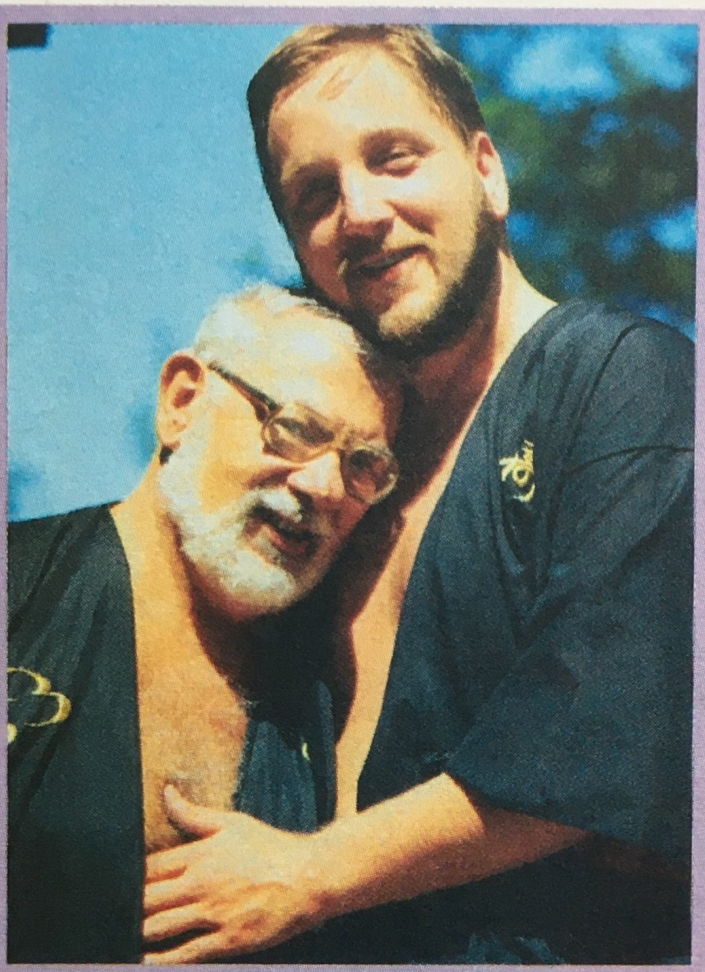
MATURE NUDES

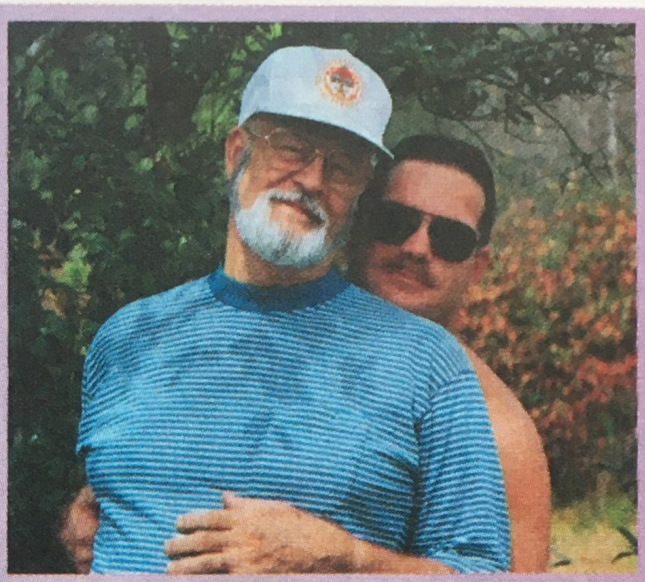
Clockwise from upper left: **BAMBOO** - photo by PANDA; **LARO** - photo by TAD; **STUD** - photo by ARIES; **JACK** - photo by GLENN

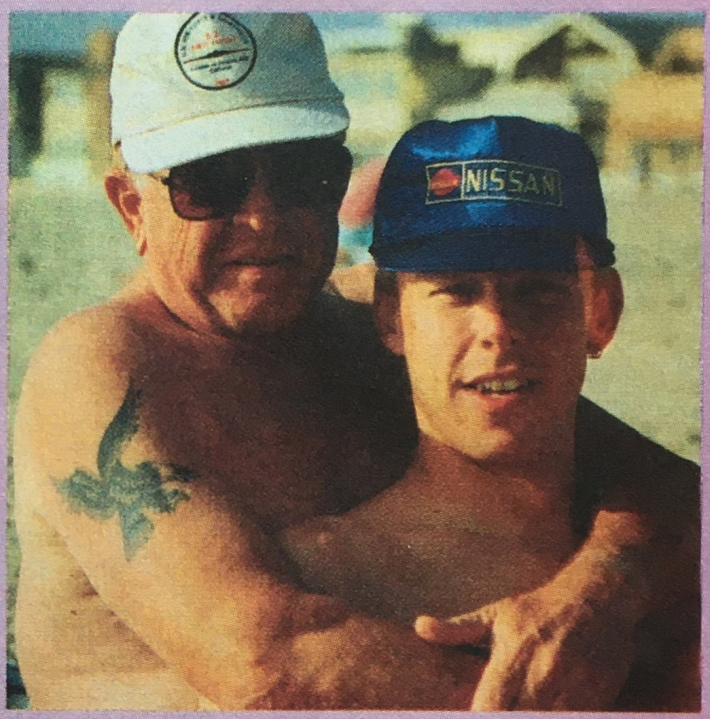




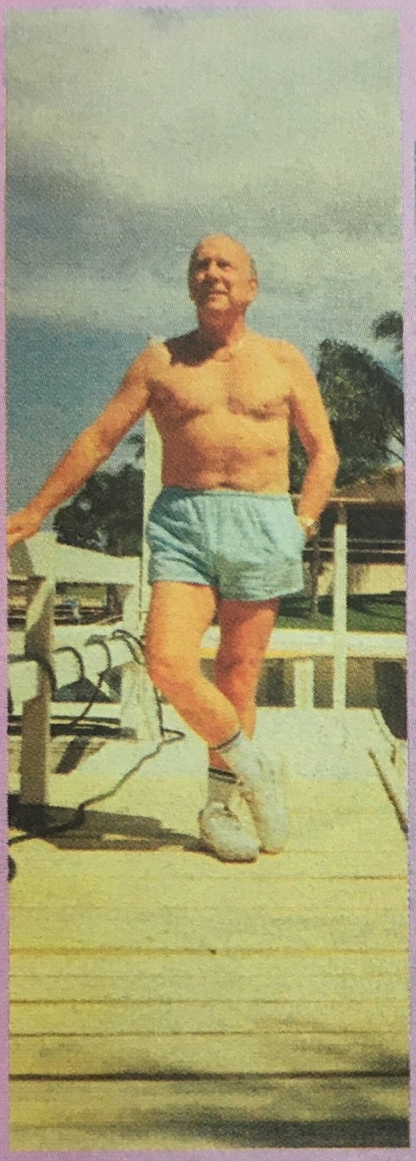
Clockwise from upper left: **TEXAS JOHN** - photo by SCOTT; **BENN** - photo by BLACKBEAR; **BOO BOO** - photo by YOGI; **ART II** - photo by GEORGE

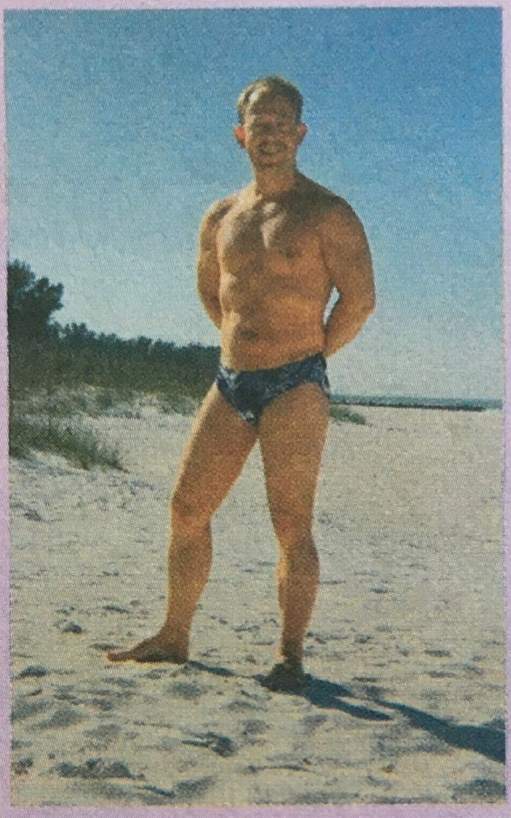


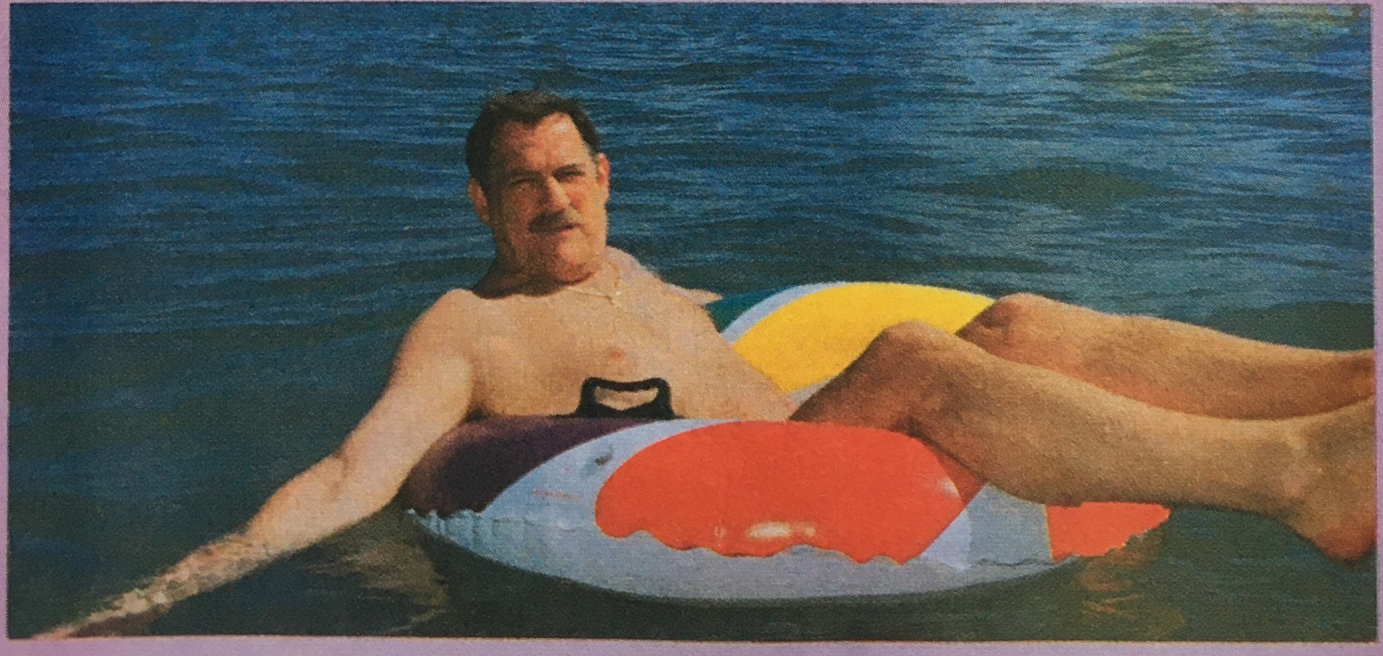




Clockwise from upper left: **PAPA & BABY BEARS** - photo by JOE; **THE COLONEL & TOMCAT -** photo by MAESTRO; **GERHARD & BLIXA** - photo by RENÉ; **RAYMONDO & THE ENGLISH SQUIRE** - photo by GPS; **WERNER & HANSRUDOLF** - photo by WALTER







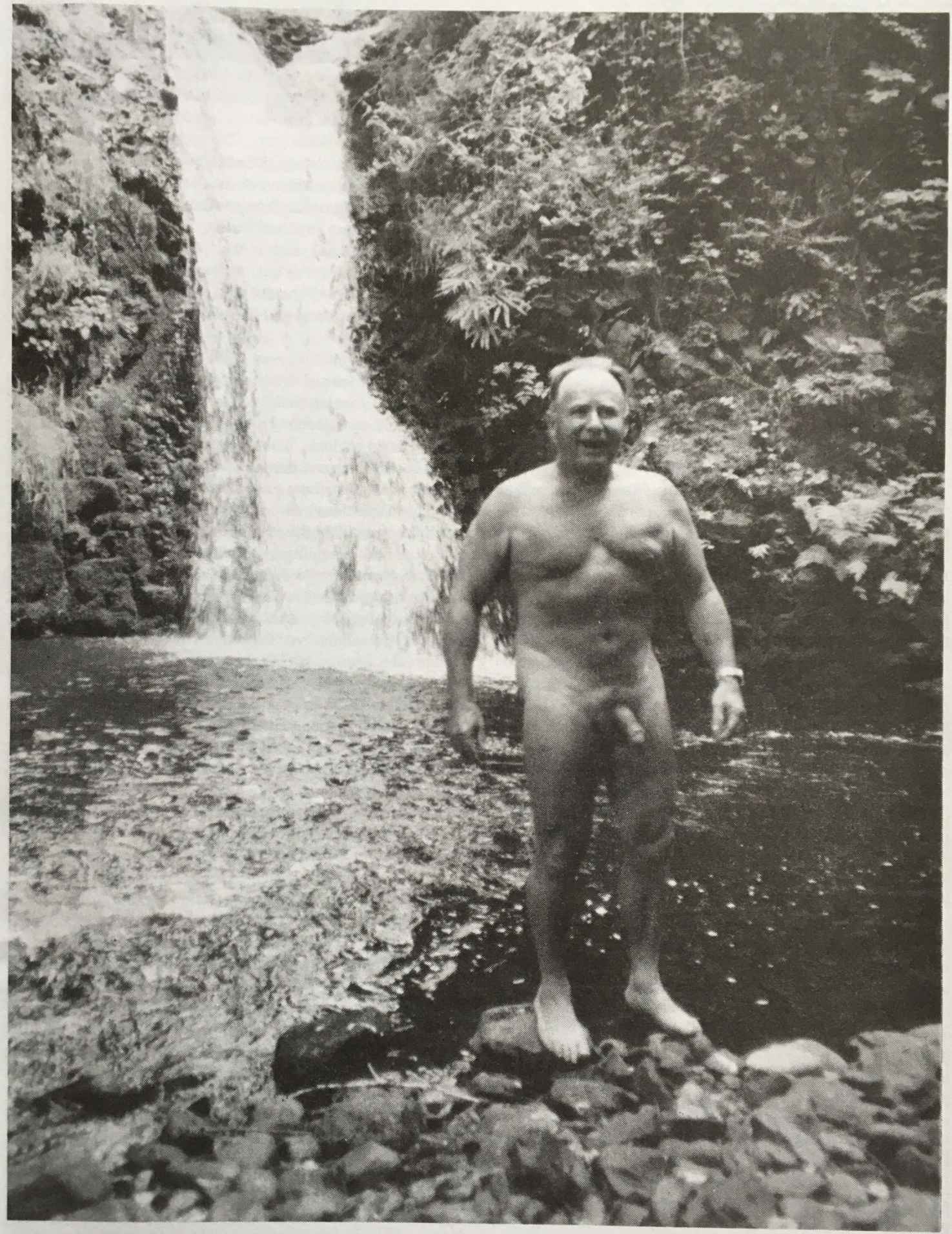
Clockwise from upper left: **OUTSPAN** - a self portrait; **NORTH-OF-THE-BORDER** - photo by A Friend; **SANDGROPER** - photo by OUTBACK JACK; **BAMA** - photo by FRED

MARC MANN

photos by ALTOMAR PRODUCTIONS

EX-LOGGER OF THE FALLS

photo by SIMBA



FORUM

GRATUITOUS AGEISM

Something about the time of arrival of #56 and the mood I'm in has revived an urge to write about what's on my mind—an urge that has been largely resisted for several decades. Issue 56 suggests that you have an infinite capacity to read and listen to your myriad subscribers. For some months I have been collecting "gratuitous age slurs" in the other media. Rather than lose further sleep over these slurs, I think I'd like to let you be the spokespersons for those of us who would like to protest. You'd surely be much more articulate and have more impact. The first sample is from Issue 5 of the *Advocate Classifieds* (it came with *Advocate* #617). Perhaps you saw this when it appeared last winter. The text of a hard-core porn story by Rick Jackson begins on page 35. The second paragraph includes the words " . . . in Florida, most pools are owned by chubby oldsters who are about as attractive as a wisdom-tooth extraction." A few lines further, " . . . old ladies and grizzled geezers put the moves on me . . . " Well, I call these age slurs *gratuitous* because they are totally unnecessary to the story. Descriptors such as "unattractive," "boorish," "out of shape," could have served the story well and avoided any reference to age. I'm sure you get my point. Since I found this author objectionable, I read no further. Perhaps there was worse on the remaining pages. And while we're on that publication, what about the "artwork" on page 39? Sure, I get the reference to the old Keanes paintings of bug-eyed children, but an inference of pedophilia-kiddie porn comes through too. I found it offensive. Further gratuitous age slurs appear in the May 1993 issue of *Buzz Tattler*, a S.F. Bay Area 12-page publication. It's not much of a rag, but it's been around for several years. An article by one Mark Peters appears on page 2 and, about halfway down, states " . . . even some old troll who . . ." and then " . . . does this senile old troll believe . . . " If the person referred to behaved objectionably, or was drunk, or dirty, that could have been stated without tying it to age. I suspect the author would prefer that this restaurant not allow older folks to enter, or to do so only if they remained as invisible as possible. Enough said! Thanks for reading. Eric/Palo Alto

I'm afraid gratuitous ageism exists in abundance in mainstream gay writing, and it really pisses me off. As readers may suspect, however, I usually challenge publications which dump on older people. I am disappointed, however, at the small number of CR readers who join me in my efforts. If you don't want to be bothered with fighting the battle on the front line with me, then at least send me examples of senior bashing like the ones above, so that I can slap the crap out of them with a hot epistle. PHC

REACTIONS TO THE NEW *CR* AND *CR CLASSICS*

Some compliments. Both issues (#56 and *CRC*#2) were fantastic. I like the new paper grade, and the expanded photos. Although, I must admit that I find RAM's drawings better in black and white! I love your return to the naughtier side with the Smoky Mountain Bear/Georgia Eddie spread. They are both incredibly handsome guys. The article on D.C. area silver fox hunting was interesting, but actually incomplete. I know of two often cruisy areas where you can spot silver hairs: the LBJ Park/Marina area (near the Pentagon) and a park off the George Washington Parkway (called Turkey Run). Also, there is a bath/cinema/glory hole club in the S.W. area called the "Follies" complex, and lots of hot older guys also patronize that place. But it's in a rough part of town and reachable only by car. And it's expensive, but if you like tawdry, sleazy scenes, that's it! T.W./Virginia

Sorry to say, I don't particularly like the new non-glossy look, but understand the reasons. I hope that someday you will have enough subscriptions/newsstand sales to justify returning to the old look. In the meantime, *CR* is still a favorite. Thanks for featuring real humans. Most magazines I've had the displeasure of subscribing to focused on slick, boyish-looking models, and their idea of a mature man seemed to be someone around the age of 25. Speaking of mature men, when are my two favorite editors going to be photographically featured in *CR*? I'm not referring to the nice, bust-type photos in the last issue (love that wicked smile, Pat), but rather layouts (no pun intended) that display what used to be known on "Monty Python's Flying Circus" as "the naughty bits." I was truly sorry to hear of the death of BIG D. I had come to admire him after he appeared in several issues. With his solid, serious looks, I had him figured to be just that: solid, serious. It gave me great pleasure to read about his new love and how excited he was, so it was a particular shock to read about his passing. The 18th Century Japanese poet, Okubo Shibutsu wrote: *In my empty study tonight, the rain pattering pattering down, there's no one to share the light from my lamp.* In closing, I wish you the best. I'm glad you and Bruce found one another. W.M./Somewhere in the backwoods of Georgia

As long as we have a backlog of unpublished photos of men who are in need of mates and friends, we can't justify doing nudes of ourselves. If we ever get ahead of the flow, we'll bare all. In the meantime, see if you can catch us in the discontinued videos "Centaur Six" and "Triplex." PHC

The new format is fine! If it saves you $ and you pass the savings on with increased pages, pictures, etc—great! And SIMON BARR does Fresno again!! FRESNO BILL is a good friend and great guy! J.S./Fresno

I'm in heaven! I've just looked over your latest issue of *CR CLASSICS* and cannot stop admiring the beautiful photo spread done by KIM of SMOKY MOUNTAIN BEAR and GEORGIA EDDIE. They are both VERY hot looking guys. I can just imagine myself being there in the same motel room.

You'd have to tie me up to drag me away from them . . . WOW!! Then I turned to the new issue #56 and I find them again in great company: gorgeous MIAMI MARK and the fabulous COLONEL. Then I found beefy KEY DADDY—what a treat! Need I say more? This has been a great day for me, and I'd like to thank you for bringing these hunks to my mailbox. SUNDIAL/ Long Island, NY

When *CR* came this week, I immediately telephoned RUSSIAN BEAR to tell him he'd been mentioned again in the FORUM. I've known him for several years, long before *CR*, and have tried to get him to send another photo to you. He told me yesterday that he does have a new photo ready "if Patrick will write to me and say he wants to run it." Of course, he didn't move to Hawaii as rumored. His interests remain the same, he's still looking for a life-mate, and he still prefers men in their late 50s and early 60s. He visited friends in Hawaii and in Germany this past year, but his basic status has not changed. Most people accept any publication as something that just happens. After all, it appears without an effort on the part of the receiver. But, like a garden, somebody has to *make* it happen. Small effort, poor garden. Even a daily newspaper that is in the game general format every day. Quality does not come easy. What a fine job you and Bruce have pulled off. How great that you have brought it to where it is. Lots of slaps and kicks. You have shown great maturity, discipline and determination. I think the thing you do best is in the front of *CR* in the letters, the notes, the shorts, the comments and updates. Also, such things as the report on the final relationship and passing of the model BIG D in Issue #55. How well you handled it. What a handsome man. And, in the current issue, Ron Collier. What a courageous fellow. Very special, and readers all wish they had known such a warm and generous person. Over the years, my gay side has had to be hidden. I still am mostly closeted. *CR* and PRIME TIMERS in Dallas have changed my life. I feel like I am in a new world. I was two years on the board of PT, and I've had a three-year relationship with a *CR* model. Very fulfilling. Your special Texas friend, Jack B.

Needless to say, I whacked out a letter to RUSSIAN BEAR asking for that photo, pretty please. Our readers don't just request more RUSSIAN BEAR, they demand it. PHC

The latest issue is up to its usual standard of excellence. ELF's Chiron is just beautiful. The Latin "Maturity With Distinction" is really great. The models are so extraordinary. The FORUM is so informative and interesting. The artwork is WOW. The fiction, exciting; the guide, so helpful. Bruce Vaughan's article (THE OTHER PUBLISHER'S TWO CENTS) was a revelation, very insightful. I must add my two cents worth too. Face it, guys, CR is a movement of, for, and by itself. You are a leader in the field. You are your own mainstream. If the "gay mainstream" you speak of doesn't notice you now, it's their loss, not yours. They will notice you later and come knocking at your door. What you have accomplished is so exciting, so rare. I could go on and on, but I'm sure you get the point: you are a special mainstream by yourself. You are in my thoughts and prayers. Give my best to the kids, Sammi and Zelda. L.T./Connecticut

I think we may have gotten the attention of a very big voice in the gay community. We may also have turned the head of someone who can get us big press in the general media. If anything comes of this, we'll tell you all about it in next issue. I've been very disappointed before, so I'll say no more. Keep your fingers crossed, and if you know influential people in the media, tell them about us. PHC

I can't tell you how much I look forward to going into Boston to pick up *CR* at Glad Day Bookstore. Yours is the only magazine I can NOT pass by. I just picked up *CR CLASSICS* #2. These are some of the best photos I've seen you publish. I like the fact that your photos aren't as tame as they used to be. I was completely blown away by the photo sequence of SMOKY MOUNTAIN BEAR and GEORGIA EDDIE. In fact, I think everyone in the bookstore probably noticed how much I enjoyed them. The major reason I'm writing is to praise your magazine and secondly to complain. The new non-glossy color format is terrible. Too much of the photo resolution is lost, and it makes the magazine look like a newspaper. Please bring back the glossy format. If it's a question of cost, I'm sure other readers, like myself, would be willing to pay more for the glossy format. Best Regards. Papa Razzi/Boston

According to a verbal survey since the new look came out, about 97% said that they preferred it because the overall quality is better, there's more photography, and the text is much sharper (not to mention the black and white photos). Most readers don't miss the slickness in light of the improvements. Issue 55, our last glossy issue, is loaded with inferior color quality. Notice the swaths of grey and the darkness/fuzziness of some of the photos. The original photos are far superior. In Issue 56 (done by another printer), the colors are much more true and very little detail is lost on the untrained eye. In order to go back to the previous format, we would have to delete 15 to 20 color photos, drop 8 pages, return to newsprint, and still raise the price of an 8-issue subscription to $60.00. We owe it to all our readers to continually improve our product; we owe it to our readers on fixed incomes to maintain our price; and we owe it to ourselves to get out of debt. PHC

SWIMMING TO VENEZUELA (CR CLASSICS #2)

Swimming to Venezuela is powerful, gripping, dynamite—super wonderful. I love it. Totally timely and timeless. Hot dog and oh boy! C.R./Dallas

I have to write and compliment you on *Swimming to Venezuela*. I went with you though it all, and I thought while reading it that it would make a wonderful film. From the time Byron left for Puerto Vallarta, I couldn't put the story to one side. I'm saying again: it would make an excellent movie. It's full of intrigue and excitement, yet it's poignant. What went on between Nestor and Byron would be not only thrilling to watch but would make us realize that love does conquer all. Congratulations for a terrific story. Joe M./New York

I have just finished reading *Swimming to Venezuela*. Kudos! Not only was it very well written, but the characterizations were indeed believable. I particularly (and personally) identified with Byron. Although I am not 58 (I will be 50 in July), I am making *deliberate* plans to leave my present career this summer without having any concrete plans for the future. Neither, too, have I lost a lover—only by choice, theirs or mine, when it seemed appropriate. What I particularly identified with was being in the position of having any feelings that anyone could possibly be interested in someone of my "outward" appearance. At 49, I really pretty much feel like what we (when I *was* part of the younger, *in* set) used to refer to as a "troll." Somehow the reference to a "wrinkle room" really stood out for me. Right now, at 5'-10" and 285#, my self-image concept is pretty near the low tide mark. Although I've put ads in several magazines that supposedly appeal to "big men and their admirers," I have only gotten responses from "big men." I don't kid myself. I'm not "something to write home about." At this point in my life, I'm somewhat Charles Durning*ish*, bordering on the Raymond Burr*ish* (see enclosed snapshot). I'm about to enter a physician-monitored health regime and have sincere hopes of trimming myself down to a more healthy (and attractive) person, at which time I might even send you a more "respectable" snapshot for publication. MOONCHILD/Washington, DC

The photo accompanying his letter reveals a very handsome big man with a killer smile and beautiful silver hair. Of course, I fired back a letter of support and begged him to allow us to publish the photo. Why wait? What if Mr. Right falls for what he sees in the smile and eyes? Physician-monitored health regimes are much easier with a lover there to support you. By the way, he signed a release and is now a CR model!. PHC

I finished the swim. Pat, it is a splendid piece of work. If I say I wish I'd written something that good, I'm not riding a manure spreader. It moved, man. And I found much personal identification—particularly when B. Sweet was being driven by the simple urge to suck . . . Know it well. ROY ELMO

There is nothing quite like a compliment from a writer the calibre of ROY ELMO, whose works you will regularly see in CR. PHC

If we didn't live in such a homophobic and puritanical culture, Swimming to Venezuela would probably be made into a movie, hailed as both an intriguing mystery adventure filled with surprising twists, and a sensual love odyssey with torrid scenes you'll never forget. Colley has created erotic episodes you'll want to visualize over and over again—I know I will since most of his characters are fantasy figures for me. Taking us through events we have recently seen in the papers and on television news, it is a contemporary story peppered with political commentary. It is also filled with very human and touching sensitivity. The hero of the story, Byron Sweet, whom Colley describes as a stunning combination of Joe Pesci and Bob Hoskins, must survive emotionally through the loss of his lifemate of thirty years, the loss of his job, the jolts of ageism, homophobia and California earthquakes, and the selling off of his assets. And while he is performing these depressing activities in an attempt to stabilize his life and personal security, when he is feeling that life holds no surprises for him, he finds himself thrown into deadly danger. During an attempt to form a new and meaningful relationship, later devastated by its shocking, painful outcome, he suddenly finds himself caught up in a compulsive, passionate love that leads him into heart-pounding perils and adventures he could never before have imagined in his predictable life pattern. Byron risks everything for the love of a man he barely knows (Colley, always a true romantic!), but he must follow his heart. And what an unpredictable, exciting journey it is—all the way to the jolting climax! CHARLES CHIARELLI

No, I didn't solicit this. It arrived as is on our fax, between a puzzling facsimile from Berlin and an infuriating one from Milan. Actually, Charlie was testing his new fax/modem program, but I don't turn down a good plug—even if it is from the editor. PHC

KENN RICHIE (RON COLLIER)

A number of years ago I think you ran a little blurb about an older man who had diabetes and wished some pen pals. That man turned out to be Ron Collier. My young lover, then 29, touched by the plea since his dad is also diabetic, decided to write to him. After an exchange of a few letters, my lover offered to take Ron for a drive. Naturally I went along. You see, I am disabled—paralyzed left leg due to M.S.—and use a wheelchair to get around. I was also in Ron's age group. I thought I could help Ron iron out some problems he was having with the medical bureaucracies. We spent the afternoon riding around the Silverlake area with Ron pointing out the sights. It was pleasant yet depressing. Ron was such a gentleman and unwilling to fight or argue with the government agencies. How lucky Ron made me feel. I had no great monetary problems. I did not have to live in poverty. Most of all I was not alone and had a young lover who, when I found him, breathed new life into me. I knew that I wouldn't die alone. Somehow, Ron touched me deep inside that afternoon. I can never forget him. I cannot afford much, only the modest enclosed check. In addition to my name, please list the name of the young man who wanted to bring a little joy into the life of a gay diabetic. A.S./Los Angeles

I'm very happy about the write-up you gave Ron. He was such a special person, truly unique. I wrote him for several years, and now I wish I'd saved his letters. Hindsight is 20/20. I feel he was warm and wonderful, very shy and private, yet very giving of all he had. My simple gifts of a few stamps or note cards made him so happy. Then, while he was watching L.A. burn and the quakes shook his apartment, he wrote me, all worried because a few tornadoes came close to my place. I felt: here is a guy living in real danger, and he worries about the small threats up here to me. Wow! I'm so glad you were able to do this last favor for Ron, and you bet your ass it won't be a solo effort. You will find that he was well-loved by many. Have a blue sky day. COWBOY/Minnesota

I couldn't understand his unusual absence from my mail box lately, until the latest issue of *CR* came. Shock and a terrible sense of bereavement barely describe my feelings when I read the news about the loss of my buddy, Ron. He was my friend, mentor and best pen-pal. To say that I will miss him and his unfailing sense of humor is to say, as he did, "I miss the old leg." I'll survive, but my injury is permanent. Herein, find a small contribution that HE would never accept. Finally—I get the last word! LORD CLEVELAND/S.F. Bay Area

I bought *CR* #56 recently and had to write to you, now that I've absorbed the information about Ron. I became acquainted with Ron Collier entirely by accident. A magazine decided not to purchase one of his stories, then carelessly mailed it out in the return envelope I had supplied (my story disappeared long ago). Of course, I returned the manuscript to him with a little note, and the rest—as they say—is history. We were writing back and forth for quite a while. He was generous with advice, with humor, with news and opinions. Those letters were vivid and conveyed him as a person. My brother killed himself last October; when I wrote to Ron with this news, the distress of his return letter seemed almost as great as my own. As you note, he didn't say much about his past. Some of the details I only learned through correspondence with his friends at SMALL (he was always recommending magazines to try for sales, editors who might be receptive to certain types of stories) and, finally, through your piece. I was amazed, for example, to learn that Ron was not yet 60. He always spoke well of *CR* and the people connected with it (once referring to it as walking "a tightrope between ass and class"). He was very excited about editing for the magazine; first, because of the extra money, and second, it was work that would draw on his gifts and talent without taxing his physical problems. When he wrote as KENN RICHIE, it wasn't just for the check. He enjoyed sharing the thrill of sex, and safe fantasy was important to him. He never condescended to his erotica: "It's an art form that has been buried under the counter for generations and suddenly got a new birth in the seventies." The loss of "Kenn Richie" is nothing, of course, to the loss of Ron Collier. I've enclosed a check for the purposes you describe at the close of your essay. He deserved a better end, and I'm thankful that someone is able to carry out that last wish of his. I've also included a letter for YOUNG BUCK; I don't think I'm quite old enough for him, but I'm sure he'll feel better if he gets some mail. Many thanks. J.D./NYC

I knew Ron Collier when I lived in the Southland going through alcohol recovery. He always had a smile, a kind, considerate word, the helping hand. I was, and possibly still am, closeted. He was a tease and would give me that "knowing" look, then I would get flustered and blush. I never knew him to complain. How little we know of our brothers, the sorrow, fear, pain and loneliness that we hide. In my generation (I'm in my 60s), if you were gay, you kept your head down and ass up or they would try and kill you. Guess it still goes on. We learn that we have to hang together or they will hang us one at a time alone. Enclosed is my contribution. I'll try and be there for the memorial when you announce it. Go with a smile because you are loved. G.S./Northern California

Many of Ron's friends are recovering alcoholics, including myself. PHC

I have just finished reading the article on Ron Collier. Bless you for all that you did on his behalf. I believe that you did in fact hear him say, "Hey, lighten up, Patrick." As you might know from our previous correspondence, I do not believe that one's life stops at what we call "death" and I have a feeling that you will have something happen or you will be made conscious of Ron's inspiration by something that will cause you to realize he hasn't gone far—that he's closer than you think. J.M./New York State

Actually, he's pretty close: about five feet, as a matter of fact. The package containing his ashes is on a shelf overlooking the computer. When I received his remains by registered mail, I sensed a great relief and held my hand on the package (as if to comfort him?) the entire drive back home. He belongs to his family of friends now, and as soon as we can arrange it, he'll be interred in the redwood forest he loved so much. Do I sense his presence? Most certainly. Since he arrived, promising things have begun to happen. I feel strongly compelled to write a screenplay based on Alvaro's point of view in my novel Moonfinch. *It was something Ron wanted very much to do, and I know he'll help me write it. Maybe an agent will come from nowhere, perhaps a producer. I've actually dreamed of standing on a street corner in Greenwich Village, staring at a marquee which read: "MOONFINCH." PHC*

THE BITTER WITH THE SWEET

About two years ago, your magazine was recommended to me by a friend who knew that I was only interested in older fellows and wasn't comfortable with the bar scene. (I'm from a mostly rural area and the only gay bars I'd been to are frequented by a predominantly "nellie-boy/drag queen" clientele. The men who've always intrigued me are masculine, "regular guy" types in the fifty-and-up range.) The only problem was, where would I find this magazine? Certainly not at Wal-Mart! Well, last summer I finally came across a copy of *CR*, and there inside was the most incredibly handsome man in the cosmos. I couldn't believe my luck when I saw that he lived nearby. It was like an omen, a prophecy of possibilities. It took a while, but I finally arranged to meet him. All I can say is, "WOW!" I remember the first time I saw him: he was standing in the rain under an umbrella at the entrance to his condo complex. *[Model's name withheld]* is the most celestial, charming, intelligent, fun, and beautiful man I have ever met. He's really a special person, and of course, I fell in love with him. But P.T. Barnum said there's one born every minute, and I'm sucker enough for the whole month of July, 1954. Yeah, he dumped me, and yeah, I'm pretty sad about it. But I wouldn't change a thing. I've had the most wonderful winter of my life. I've had the bliss of really being in love. Which brings me back to the original purpose of this letter. I want to thank you guys. What you're doing with your magazine is something really nice. Were it not for your magazine, I would never have met

him. I might have gone another thirty-nine years without knowing the enchantment, the tenderness, the rapture, and the passion of real love. No matter how bad I feel about losing him, nor how long the sadness lasts, the short time I had with him was worth it. Thank you for the Grand Tour of Heaven. *[Initials and location withheld]*

I doubt that the above reader will have to wait another 39 years. He loved and lost, but at least he tried. He'll heal and become wiser, then try again. And one day he'll win big. PHC

CR PASSES THE TEST

In an issue a couple of years ago, you stated that you never sold or gave away your list of subscribers. I didn't believe you. As a matter of fact, my lover and I made a bet. He felt that you could be trusted, while I bet a steak dinner that we would receive porn junk mail within a year. The bet on, I rented a post office box, used an alias for an alternate box holder, then subscribed to *CR* under the alias. Well, that was over a year ago, and the only mail that box ever got were copies of *CR* and *CR CLASSICS*. Oh, yeah, that steak dinner cost me over $75. Enclosed is our renewal for another year. Please use my real name and our home address. We don't need the box any more. B & R/The Midwest

I just recently purchased #55 and as always it was great! I'm writing in response to the letter from "Still Closeted." I can relate and sympathize with his problem, because I had a similar situation a few years ago. I was going to rent a post office box as you suggested, but it was cost-prohibitive. I took a chance and purchased back issues from you using my real name and address. You're obviously honest and trustworthy, because you didn't sell my personal information to other companies. I can only tell "Still Closeted" not to worry, because he can trust you. Another reason I'm writing is because I would like to purchase some of the videos that are advertised in your magazine. I would like to purchase P.R. Simon Productions' "Daddy Video Volume II and I," but I'm worried that they might not be as trustworthy as yourself and would sell personal information. I was hoping that maybe you could buy a few of these videos and sell them through *CR* with an additional handling fee of say five bucks. It sure would be easier and safer buying from you. I hope you will give this idea some consideration. A *CR* Addict

We've never received a valid complaint against P.R. Simon Productions, and I'm almost positive that they do not sell customer lists. When you call to order the video, ask them. We have enough difficulty selling our own products, let alone someone else's. PHC

IT'S AMAZING WHAT A DIFFERENT POSE WILL DO

I am happy to report that things are getting better. It's not good yet, but I am encouraged and feeling more optimistic. I am willing to heed your advice and take another chance with some more photos. The last one didn't impress anyone, because there were no responses. Perhaps I will have better luck this time. The enclosed photos were taken by a friend of mine about three weeks ago. I hope this finds all of you well and the magazine thriving. No . . . It's not a magazine; it is a lifeline and a ray of hope to many of us who have found out that the golden years are tarnished by ageism and insensitivity. All the best. CHARLES/Denver

The unsuccessful photo CHARLES speaks of is on page 10 of Issue #52. It is a black and white featuring the model along with five dogs. I liked it and couldn't understand why no one responded. It couldn't have been the bio, because thousands of men are into the same scenes, so I figured it was the pose. We therefore hereinafter present CHARLES in a different pose. You'd never know it was the same man. PHC

THE HEALING POWER OF JOHN BEAR'S SMILE

Almost two years ago, I lost my lover of seventeen years and have been lost ever since. Recently, I came across a back issue of your excellent magazine. What caught my attention was your cover man, JOHN BEAR. he is the hottest man I've ever seen. What a face! Feelings were aroused in me that I haven't felt since the death of my lover. I am starting to find my way back, and I had to write to thank you, your wonderful magazine, and the incredible JOHN BEAR. Bill, a new fan.

THE HEALING POWER OF AN OUTREACHED HAND

A friend of mine told me about your publication and I just purchased my first issue. I was so deeply touched by the letter from A.P./Iowa ("Sweet Memories of Dude"). You see, the reverse happened to me. My beloved younger lover, Michael, passed away from cancer in October, 1992, the day after his 42nd birthday. The letter from A.P. was so warm and sincere that I wanted to respond to him. I trust you can forward the enclosed letter to him. Thank you for your much needed publication and in helping bring people of like interests together. May you continue to have success and prosper. R.S./Lubbock

IN SEARCH OF AN OUTREACHED HAND

I'm a 35-year-old North Carolina Cub who recently lost his Papa Bear to liver cancer this past April. We'd been together for 15 years through thick and thin but always cared for each other, no matter what. He was a U.S.A.F. veteran of 15 years with a couple of tours in Vietnam. He was my world, my hope, my biggest reason for living. And now, he's gone; the fulfillment of joy that was in my heart is gone. I don't know who to turn to now. My Sarge was a good man, a jack-of-all-trades kind of man, loving, caring, not a mean bone in his body. He'd do anything for anyone, and if they tried to pay him, he wouldn't accept it. He had a charm about him that everyone loved, and he made life-long friends with ease. When I first met him, my life was going down the tubes. But he pulled me up and

inspired a great change in me. He taught me how to respect other people, no matter where they came from. My family loved Sarge, even though they knew we were lovers. They treated him with high regard, and when he passed on, they were there to see him go. Now I need help. Sarge's death left me with a lot of unpaid bills, and I can't afford the magazine or even an ad. Do you think you could help me find some big bear to help fill the void? M.B./North Carolina

Thanks to a wonderful subscriber in New York, M.B. now has a subscription to CR and a free ad in this issue. I've also talked him into becoming a CR model, and his photo will appear in an upcoming issue. If anyone can find him a big bear to help fill the void, we can. PHC

INTERGENERATIONALISM

I finally read an issue of *CR* (#55) after several years of faithfully reading *DADDY* Magazine. I have also read *CR CLASSICS* #2. Let me share some thoughts with you. First, the quality of the publication is above reproof. The contents are comprehensible to the broadest possible audience. It is neither aloof or pandering. That is why your readership response reflects such a diversity of people. The difference between the two magazines lies in the primary issue that each addresses. *DADDY* Magazine deals with father/son relationships. *CR* promotes the more generalized idea of intergenerationalism. Either approach has specific merit, but the intergenerational concept is much broader and therefore allows more possibility for growth within the parameters of the concept. Intergenerationalism is not the only thing *CR* is about, but I applaud your efforts to keep the magazine from being a "50+ publication." I began a difficult mid-life crisis three years ago at age 40. There are men 10, 20, or 30 years older than I who can understand exactly what I am going through, but there are also many men of the same ages who could not. (How curious that older men should resent my "growing up.") *CR* affords me an opportunity to be a part of the "intergenerational pool." By the time I actually reach the age of 50, I should either be dead or profoundly attractive. I am counting on the latter, and believing it will be in some part due to the people and the publication that are *CHIRON RISING*. J.S./Atlanta

Congratulations on seven years of *SWAN/CR* and eight years together! Over that period you have become the most famous and influential intergenerational lovers on this planet and have come to mean so much to people like myself and thousands world-wide. Please don't mellow too much, Pat (just enough to satisfy Bruce), because it was your anger at how older gay men were treated which was the catalyst for *SWAN* and the movement you've created. THE ENGLISH SQUIRE (cover photo #43) and I have been together for over three years, and it hasn't been an easy relationship. But sometimes the best relationships are those that have to be worked at. Now we are fairly contented. ES was very jealous at first and thought that every older man—and even younger men—that I spoke to must be having sex with me. I understood because it was a major move for him to come and live with me, and he was worried that I might elope with someone else. Finally he realises I'm not like that and trusts me more. Now I'm trying to get some more new friends for both of us. Hence the enclosed letter to JON of England. Thanks, guys. RAYMONDO

I don't know about "most famous and influential," but the magazine has reached many. It's highly gratifying to know that CR has gotten a lot of guys together, but it's terribly frustrating to know that we have nothing to offer couples who are experiencing the above problems. This magazine needs a superior advice columnist who is an expert on both older and intergenerational couples. PHC

This letter is in response to "The Stigma of Intergenerational Love" (FORUM, Issue #55). I'd like to tell you that my lifemate and I met through *CR* over a year ago. It was a long distance story involving the span from Germany to California. But six months into our relationship, serious medical complications arose that required extensive and complex surgery on my 60-year-old body. It was certainly not the sort of thing that you'd expect a 24-year-old to cope with, let alone deal with for the long term. Well, let me tell you what my young man has done for me, in addition to loving me 26 hours a day: At every single doctor's consultation, every single hour of hospitalization (that was permissible), during every agonizing hour of surgery, at every physical therapy session, at every pharmacy, lab, doctor's office, and now at the prosthesitist's, he's been there every step of the way. He's loaded my wheelchair into the trunk of the car a thousand times; he's driven and driven to find a convenient place to park so I wouldn't have to make the extra effort to travel. His patience has always been in evidence at every trying moment, without hesitation. He's cooked, cleaned, stayed up nights, listened to all my moans and groans and complaints. He's maintained the positive attitude that everything will come out okay, somehow. He's denied himself the simplest of pleasures and has been paid nothing tangible. Being alone in this country without a peer or countryman to lean on, he's had to communicate in English, not his mother tongue. He's endured the looks and questions from those around us who don't understand the nature of such a strange appearing pair of men. His devotion to me has gone beyond even my wildest imagination. You can't imagine how many of my friends and well-wishers overlooked the sacrifices he's made, the strength he's found and used. God knows where he found them when they were so needed by us both. I simply couldn't have made it without him. He's been the cook, baker, and the candlestick maker of our life. He's been the bottle washer, the nurse, the maid, the houseboy. He's done the shopping, the banking, the gassing up of the car without question. He's used up all his own resources and always found more for me. He's not had any rewards, except for my undying love and affection. And for him that's been enough. But for me it's not enough. I think he deserves more than he's getting. Sure, I'd like to win the lottery so I can buy him something bright and flashy, but he's content with my recognition. I'd like to take him to the German deli and let him go hog wild with his native foods and goodies, but he's made do with Hamburger Helper with a kiss for dessert. I'd like to say and have all to hear: *thank you, my loving younger man,*

my BLIXA. Not only for what you've done, but for the way you've done it from the heart, without question or reward. I'm so very grateful I have you. GERHARD (page 6, this issue)

LOVE ME, LOVE MY MAGAZINE!

I have put off writing this letter ever since Dick and I got together over five years ago. I saw your *SWAN* Magazine through another friend, picked out Dick's ad and wrote to him. What do you know, a 69-year-old found real love for the first time! Yes, I was married (heterosexually) twice and the first time was a disaster, even though I fathered three sons. The second time was reasonably happy, but something was missing. Even though I was brought up on a farm, I found out about man-to-man sex at the age of twelve from a man who was supposed to teach me how to play the piano. I had good lessons . . . but not on the piano! He was my accompanist (I sang in local theater productions) until he passed away when I was twenty-four. Well, the reason for writing isn't to tell you my life's story, but to say how much I have enjoyed reading, cover-to-cover, all of your issues (Dick told me that if he couldn't keep *SWAN* and continue to subscribe to it, then the engagement would be off!) and to thank you again for making it possible to meet Dick. My best to you all. Bill H./Connecticut

FINDING *CR* THE HARD WAY

I must be dreaming! At the risk of sounding trite, I'll say it anyway: *I've been waiting all my life for a publication like yours.* I am a young man of 29 years, and for as long as I can remember I've always found mature/older men the absolute pinnacle of desire. *CR* is my long-awaited summit after years of wading through various other mainstream gay magazines. I spotted my first issue in January '93 (*CRC#*1) and now consider myself your greatest fan. I found the magazine in an adult bookstore in downtown Memphis, and the moment my eye caught sight of GREYBEARD on the cover and JOHN BEAR on the back cover, I immediately snatched it and had the clerk ring up my sale. This publication was mine and mine alone; I had to have it. I can still remember the drive home and how it seemed that I couldn't get there fast enough. I was so anxious that I tore the plastic wrapper off en route and came close to having a fender-bender while perusing the pages of this "Kettle of Gold." Finally . . . handsome, virile, sexy, robust and slim, mature men in the buff, formatted in a publication which was dedicated in its entirety to sexy seniors and their admirers. I must have died and gone to Silver Heaven! I have since been pounding the pavement, scouring all of the adult bookstores in Memphis, trying to get my hands on back issues, anxiously awaiting each new issue. I've been in luck, for I have managed to find seven other back issues. I regret that I didn't get to see all of the previous issues or any of the *SWAN* issues. I'd pay $50 per issue because I enjoy the magazine that much. Recently, I paid $15.99 per issue because the *CR* issue was bound in plastic with two other magazines (clone, surfer types) in a 3-pack. I share each issue with my life-mate of 4 years. When we first met in 1989, I was 25 and he, 58. Now, at the ripe age of 62, he is more warm and handsome than ever. We love one another dearly and consider the other a Godsend. We were both lonely and cautious about relationships, and when it began to happen for us, it was truly magical. Not only are we an intergenerational couple, we're also interracial. Frank is white (German), stands six feet tall, weighs in at about 225 pounds, has very fine silver hair, is hopelessly golden-tanned, hairy, uncut and has the absolute most sexiest ass and legs that I've ever seen on a man. He's also very witty, compassionate and extremely sophisticated due to his worldly travels. He blew me away when I first laid eyes on him. He flashed his cool blues and heart-melting smile at me from across a pool and I was immediately betrothed. He resembles a mixture of THOM and BOB III, wrapped into one solid, silver Adonis. I am a mixture of several ethnicities. My father's family is African-American and Brazilian, and my mother was Creole: a mixture of French, American Indian and black. My mother was more commonly referred to as Mulatto or Quadroon and hailed from Louisiana. My father's mother immigrated from Sao Paulo to the States in the 1920s, so my roots span from Europe, Africa and South America. It's always a lot easier to refer to myself as black. I speak several languages, including fluent Spanish, survival French, and a sliver of Portuguese. The Spanish was acquired in southern California, where I was born and raised, and where I eventually will return to very soon. I stand six feet tall and weigh a muscular 190 pounds because I swim and work out constantly. Frank and I both enjoy fitness, and we're members of a local health spa (where we met, incidentally). The last four years of my life have been the best years of my life, and I owe it to my Silver Fox. I had never been with another man before him, and he introduced me to man-to-man love with warmth, patience, understanding, and dignity. We both agreed that our relationship had to be more than "just sex" from the onset, and the result has been a mutual love that we thought only happened in film and fiction. I have always found mature men more desirable and had grown tired of explaining reasons why to all my young gay friends, all of whom are obsessed with youth. This is why I have an indelible admiration for all of you who contribute to *CR*. You understand. We're not oddities or beings suffering from some reverse Oedipus complex. We're men who appreciate the full capacity of the mature man's physicality, sexuality and spirituality—with no apologies. Frank and I are really looking forward to getting better acquainted with and joining your egalitarian family and maybe somewhere in the near future, we'll send a photo in hopes that you'll welcome us into the fold. New loyalists, CREOZILLIAN and SILVER FOX II/Memphis

Yeah, I know. We can't wait to meet these guys either, but you'll just have to wait. We don't have their address, so don't write and expect us to forward your letters. CREOZILLIAN and SILVER FOX II, if you're reading this, consider yourselves welcome. PHC

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO HAVE ONE!

I've been going around proudly in my new blue *CR* baseball cap. Out in the yard, it is sometimes all I have on. I've gotten a couple of nods and smiles at the bookstores, but

nothing substantial to hold onto yet. You do seem to be running a quite good "Noah's Ark." I just got a letter from North Carolina's AXOLOTL, who found someone through your magazine. Thanks for everything. N.K./So Cal Inland Empire

A VERY SHARP FINN WITH ESOTERIC INTERESTS

I take this occasion to thank you for the great magazine you publish. It is amazing in many ways. I mean, I'm considered by my friends as having rather esoteric interests, such as Tibetan Buddhism, Papuan culture and ambient music. During one year in *CR* I've read articles on Papua Niugini, the music of Brian Eno, and that tenderly lucid advice on how to relate to the dying process by a fellow Tibetan Buddhist—all this in addition to lots of photos of heartwarming, mouthwatering older huskies, excellent erotic fiction, and the most up-to-date, sensible medical advice around, the whole permeated with such compassionate, dedicated love for a segment of our community that most exclude. It just leaves me radiant for days. If that isn't scope and class, I'd like to know what is. Thank you ever so much. To top it all, in issue 55, I found a fellow Finn proudly presenting himself in your gallery. What can I say except that I love all you guys and urge you to keep on doing your great job? When I get a decent photo of myself, I'll submit it to you just for the joy of sharing with the community our togetherness and caring sensuality. Pardon me for inadvertent slips of grammar and typing. English is a foreign language for me, though one I truly love. I trust my message came across. I.P./Helsinki

Loud and clear! Our Scandinavian, Finnish and Dutch subscribers absolutely amaze me. They apologize for their English, yet their command of it far exceeds that of the average American. If our Swedish literary consultant, THE VIKING, is typical, then I.P. probably speaks another four or five languages as well. PHC

A CHANGE OF OUTLOOK

I have just recently began subscribing to *CR*. I had only heard briefly that it is a magazine for older men. When I received my first copy, I was surprised at the extent of the nudity. I am not a prude—I guess I just have never been that open. After answering some of the more conservative ads, I was surprised that I received absolutely no responses. Okay. On to the next plan. Although I wasn't too confident, I would submit a photo of myself with coat, tie, etc. And now for the real reason for this letter. As a result of that rather conservative picture, I have received a variety of letters. But I would like you and all your subscribers to know that there are some wonderful men out there who also have similar tastes, whether it be conservative or wild. I have been so lucky to find one wonderful, caring and compassionate man—a man who I never would have known, had I been too shy to put my photo in the magazine. I feel so happy that I did not "turn off" to some of the aspects of *CR* that I was not comfortable with. One final thing if I may: *Sim of Minneapolis, you are one of the bright spots in my life. I hope we will be lifelong friends.* Thank you *CR* . . . and yes, I have chilled out about the nudity. RON (page 30, #55)

RECOVERING

CR has been a lifeline for me after discovering it many years ago as *SWAN*. I have been constantly amazed at how it has grown and, for all that he's been through, that Pat has not given up and moved on to easier things. But being the proud papa he is, he could not turn his back on his "baby." So thankfully for us, this wonderful family magazine finds our mailbox. I am asking the readers of *CR*, a special caliber of men to whom I can turn, to give me their opinions and insights into my situation, which is this: I am a recovering Catholic. Holy Mother Church had quite a grip on me, and for years I struggled with how to be comfortably gay and not be ruled by my past. For so long, I was haunted by the things that I learned about God which were not necessarily believed. I am 30 years old now and have begun this amazing journey into spirituality without bounds (organized religion). I do not miss it and I am much freer without it. My last lover was a Catholic priest. We celebrated mass together and would go out for dinner, movies and such when we could. I saw so much pain in his life—his drinking, his deeply closeted living, his relationship with his mother—that to see the peace and love of God in the life of that man was difficult to do. It was too limiting a situation for me, so I moved on—moved on to my present partner of 2-1/2 years who is the freest thinker I have ever met. Sometimes he scares the hell out of me with his clarity of vision. But he does not have a Catholic background. He has given me many new things to think about and has helped me turn my life around. God, what a man! But I would love to hear from other readers who are older men or younger men with tastes for older men, like myself, to share their stories with me, including all the pain and insight that goes with it. I look at it this way: the people of AA know the power of support and shared experience. I believe that this thing has crippled many, many young men, and I am looking for a place to start, a place to start helping them and in that process, continuing to heal myself. Who knows? Maybe we can really start sharing some good ideas, some means in which to de-program the way we were taught to think, act and feel. We are gay and bisexual men, and we are loved by God. There is nothing evil about us, and we are capable of giving and receiving love—real love. I want to help anyone who has been hurt by the Catholic Church, and I still am in need of some healing. Together, we can free ourselves from the bonds of organized religion and rise into the love of God that was there all along for each and every one of us. It will be great talking to you. James Smith, P.O. Box 3275, Madison, WI 53704

NOTICE TO D.D./NORTHERN CALIFORNIA (FORUM, #56)

Help! We lost your name and address. The copy of THE CLONING OF JOHANNA MAY you sent ended abruptly before the end. We didn't get to see Brian Cox in the buff. Please send another copy. We'll return defective one and we'll pay ya. PHC

FRENCHY

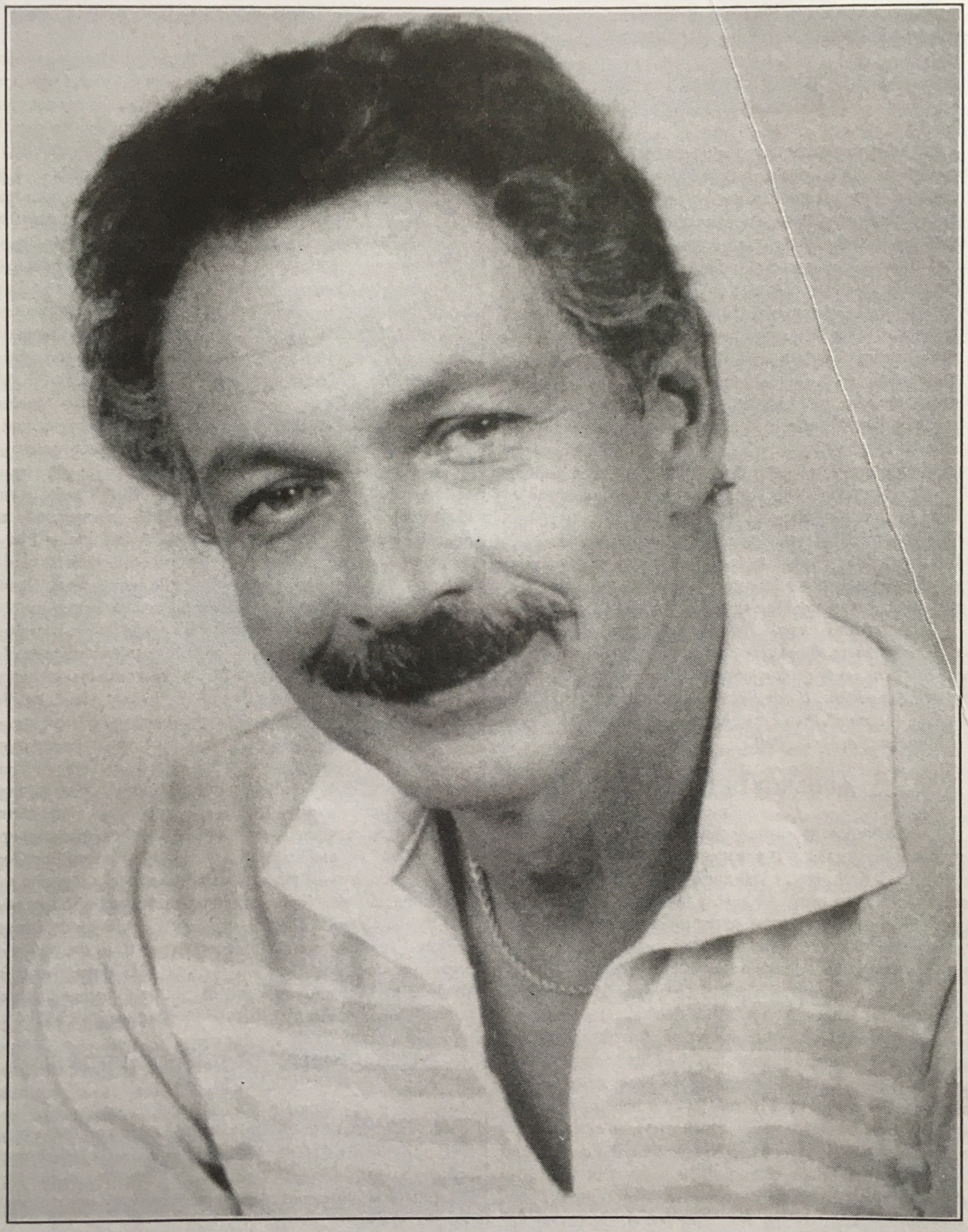


photo by ANON

A reader sent us this photograph of what we assume is a statue of the centaur Chiron. Since we had a last-minute black and white slot, we decided to share it with you and ask if anyone knows more about this exquisite sculpture.

BRIEFS

TOGETHER IN '93

PRIME TIMERS will have their Second International Prime Timers Convention in Vancouver, B.C., Canada on October 15th through 17th, 1993. Functions include a Friday cocktail party/banquet/floor show/dance; Saturday breakfast, luncheon and a dinner cruise; and a Sunday windup brunch. Registration closes on September 1, 1993, so you'd better get yourself in gear if you haven't already. The convention will be held at the Chateau Granville Hotel in Vancouver, and the convention package is $125.00 (U.S.) or $150.00 (Canadian). Hotel room rates are $75.00 (U.S.) or $88.00 (Canadian) per night, double occupancy. For more information, contact Roger Drouin, PRIME TIMERS CONVENTION, #204 - 1250 West 12th Avenue, Vancouver, BC, Canada, V6H 1M1, or call (604) 733-0379.

QUEERED IN AMERICA

I'm not one of Michelangelo Signorile's fans. It was with shameless, puerile relish, therefore, that I read R.Z. Sheppard's review in *Time* Magazine of Signorile's new book, *QUEER IN AMERICA: SEX, THE MEDIA, AND THE CLOSETS OF POWER.* Sheppard doesn't waste any time stuffing the outing master into a garbage bag and depositing him on the curb. Some goodies: *"[the book's] deterioration begins in the first lines of the introduction."* How's that for starters? It gets better: *"The reader looking for consistency should open a jar of peanut butter rather than this screed. But as rancid gossip repackaged for national distribution,* Queer in America *is going to be hard to beat."* I think my lips are quivering. *"[Signorile] is especially eager to smoke out gays and lesbians whose livelihoods, unlike his own, rely on discretion. He sees them as hypocrites and lackeys of their oppressors, a point made so often that the book begins to resemble a stack of bumper stickers."*

The word on the street was that he was going to out half of Congress and most of the Pentagon, but there were no such revelations. (I wonder why Random House omitted or outfitted with pseudonyms a lot of names from the original manuscript? Hmmmm?) What's left is more of Signorile's trademark: gossip journalism. He quotes "reliable" unnamed sources who "tell all" about unnamed pillars of power. How awesomely substantive! Oh, well, at least one celebrity gave it a rave review: *"This is one of the most important books of the 20th century."*—Larry (I-don't-like-anybody-very-much) Kramer.

BEAUTIFULLY AND EFFECTIVELY SAID

The *Advocate* did publish my letter about being snubbed in their "Bear Essentials" article (THE OTHER PUBLISHER'S TWO CENTS - #56), but someone else took them to task as well. Underneath my letter was one written by a man in Lake Jackson, Texas. He said, *"The prejudice and discrimination within the gay community against the large and/or hairy and/or mature gay man is as rampant, virulent, pervasive, and onerous as heterosexual homophobia—often worse. Why is that? What have larger, hairier, more mature gay males done to deserve such derision, scorn, and bigotry?"*

Maybe we'll find out soon. The *Advocate Classified* Magazine, singled out by writer ERIC (see FORUM, this issue) as indulging pretty heavily in gratuitous age slurs, will soon publish an article they insist will be *CR*/older-friendly. They asked for and received information about *CR* and *CR CLASSICS* as well as reproducible photos. An assigned writer interviewed me in June (I swore I'd never do another interview), and the article should come out this summer or early fall. Granted, the trivial article The *Advocate* did about us in 1988 resulted in almost 200 new subscribers, so I suppose I should feel grateful. Problem is: how profound can this article be given the writer's first question : *"What does ger . . . geron . . . geronto . . . g-e-r-o-n-t-o-p-h-i-l-e . . . what does it mean?"* His final question was, *"What is it about older men that younger men are attracted to?"* I could tell that it was all alien to him. Did his inflection betray a personal revulsion? It sounded like someone asking why certain people enjoy being urinated upon. I did all I could to enlighten him, but I'm not holding my breath.

ANNOUNCING A NEW MAGAZINE FOR MATURE MEN AND ADMIRERS

An company called Big Bear Media is starting a new magazine called *Prime*, which should begin publishing quarterly later this summer. I talked to the publisher recently and got the impression that he's really committed, so the magazine could be a winner. It will be in slick black & white format and will contain professional photos of professional models, as well as personal ads and non-porn erotic fiction. They're now looking for writers and models, so get in touch with them if you look hot or can write hot. Subscriptions will be $18.00 per year (same as *Daddy*), but we aren't sure about size, mail class, personal ad costs and other specifics, so contact them before you send any money. For more information and a sample issue, contact BIG BEAR MEDIA, P.O. Box 76826, Washington, DC 20013-6826.

JOLY'S IS BACK!

Few legendary bars are held with such reverence as the old JOLY'S, which was THE place in Los Angeles to cruise older men from the early 1950s (late 40s?) through the 1980s. I lost count of all the couples who claim to have met there. I never got to see it, but I imagine it ranks right up there with The Dome in Chicago; the Paul Revere, Menemsha and Yukon in New York; Gene's Music Bar in Dallas; and the Rooftop in Ft. Lauderdale. Well, now there's JOLY'S II, which opened in March, and according to my spies, it's again THE place to go in L.A. They have a piano bar, great ambience, and a happy hour between 5:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. on weeknights. When visiting L.A., make sure you check it out. It's located at 4356 Sunset Boulevard in the Silverlake District - (213) 665-6810. Tell them the boys at *CHIRON RISING* sent you.

VITAMINS: YOUR HEDGE AGAINST CANCER AND HEART DISEASE

Within weeks after we published "The Dangers of Free Radicals" (HEALTH, #54), we began to notice a great deal of press about the "vitamin revolution." Now that the results are coming in from various studies on the effectiveness of certain vitamins, a lot of doctors are jumping on the band wagon. Dr. Jerome Cohen, a professor of internal medicine at the St. Louis University School of Medicine, used to dismiss the notion that healthy adults had anything to gain from vitamins. But no longer. He starts his day with 400 IU of vitamin E in order to keep his heart healthy. Dr. Stephen Deutsch, the head of a large medical practice in the L.A. area, has also seen the light. "I used to be very anti-vitamin," he said recently. "I didn't tell people they couldn't take them, but I certainly didn't push them." Now Deutsch urges his patients to eat well, exercise, and take vitamins C, E and beta carotene each day. There is a profound change in the way the medical world views vitamins today. According to Dr. Walter Willett, a Harvard epidemiologist, medical schools taught their students that everyone in the U.S. gets enough vitamins through their diets and that vitamin intake would just create expensive urine. He says, "I think we have proof that this isn't true. I think the scientific community has realized this is a very important area for research." According to *Newsweek* Magazine (June 7, 1993), that is an understatement. "A growing body of evidence suggests that while the old daily allowances are fine for warding off acute deficiencies, higher intakes may help combat everything from bone loss to cancer." The article went on to state that two new recent studies suggest that vitamin E can help prevent heart disease—that researchers followed more than 120,000 men and women for up to eight years and found that those taking daily supplements of at least 100 units reduced their risk of heart disease by about 40 percent. According to Dr. Jeffrey Blumberg of Tufts University's Center for the Study of Human Nutrition and Aging, there is solid data to suggest that nutrients can promote optimal health and prevent chronic disease. "This is a new paradigm," he says. According to *Newsweek*, antioxidants (vitamins C, E and beta carotene, a form of vitamin A) may limit the spread of degenerative illnesses like cancer and premature aging. "They may also ward off heart disease by preventing the build-up of cholesterol in arterial walls . . . [and] protect cells by binding electrically unbalanced free radicals." Bruce and I take and highly recommend Natrol, "The Ultimate Anti-Oxidant Formula." It contains vitamins A (beta carotene), E and C, along with niacinamide, copper, zinc, selenium, and bunch of other good stuff. We also eat lots of carrots, nuts and whole-bran bread. (Source: *Newsweek*)

SLEEP LOSS AND THE IMMUNE SYSTEM

According to Michael Irwin, a psychiatry professor at the University of California at San Diego, you can impair your immune system by losing a few hours of sleep just once a week. He claims that by losing three hours of sleep between 3:00 a.m. and a person's normal waking time can cause a 20% to 30% decrease in the activity of natural killer cells, which help fight viruses and cancer. (Source: *Los Angeles Times*)

SMOKING AND AIDS

Dr. Richard Nieman, leader of a team of British doctors studying smoking and AIDS reports that smokers infected with HIV develop the disease twice as quickly as nonsmokers. "There is established research over the past 10 to 15 years that smoking does a lot of things to the same sort of cells that HIV also affects," Nieman says. (Source: *Los Angeles Times*)

NEW TESTING FOR THE AIDS VIRUS

Writer FLORES sent me an Ann Landers clipping back in May. In it, a woman told of her nightmare of testing false-positive for HIV. In 1987, the woman was routinely tested by her gynecologist and the results were positive. She saw an internist who ran a Western Blot test, but the results were indeterminate. Classified as an AIDS carrier, it wasn't until over *three years later* that she was tested again, but that time the results were negative. The woman called the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta and was referred to a specialty clinic. There, she was given a physical, a P24 antigen test and a PCR test, which is fairly new. These tests search for the AIDS virus in the bloodstream, rather than for antibodies against the virus, which is basically what the other tests do. All tests were negative, and her nightmare was over. There is a big lesson here. Several of our subscribers have confided in me that they are HIV positive. I urge all of them to see a specialist in infectious diseases. Many doctors are just not familiar with the latest testing methods. (Source: Ann Landers)

LETHAL DNA

A team of 14 geneticists announced evidence of a gene for colon cancer, which kills 57,000 people in the U.S. every year. They estimate that one in every 200 people in this country carries the potentially lethal DNA, making it the most common known cause of inherited disease. The team, led by Dr. Bert Vogelstein of Johns Hopkins University and Albert de la Chapelle of the University of Helsinki, predicts that a simple blood test to identify carriers of the gene will be available in two years. Until scientists find the gene itself, they won't be sure how it causes cancer, but once a blood test can identify carriers, they can get regular colonoscopies, which detect early malignancies. With that, says Vogelstein, 90 percent can be spared death from the disease. If your family has a history of colon cancer, you should talk to your doctor about having your colon scoped. (Source: *Newsweek*)

COMING OUT FOR SENIORS

An Essay by PAPA BEAR

One of the most common issues facing intergenerational relationships is *Coming Out*. Before we move on, let's define what we mean by these words. One definition concentrates on self-realization and self-acceptance of the gay lifestyle. The second relates to a person's first sexual encounter with someone of the same sex. The third, the one we are going to discuss, is being open with others about one's homosexuality. This openness extends to family, friends and the work place.

Many young men coming into intergenerational relationships have been gay much of their lives. This is not always the case with older men, many of whom have been married, have children and have been in the closet for many years. Coming out is less of a problem for the senior who has been gay most of his life.

Because of the social structure thirty years ago, and the gradual social changes that have led to the present, many older men have experienced long years of doubt and self-examination. This self-doubt often colors actions and thinking, and the younger member of an intergenerational relationship should be aware of this. It is no easy thing to live in one lifestyle for fifty or sixty years, then change to a directly opposite lifestyle for the remainder of one's life.

I spoke on the phone several times with a 59-year-old man in another state. His wife had died, and he was lonely. He had denied his true sexuality most of his life. Now he wanted a relationship with a younger man, but he didn't know what to do. Where could he meet younger men and still keep his identity as a pillar of the church and community? We talked of the decision he had to make about the direction his life would take from that time on. With his background, you can imagine how difficult it would be for him to develop a loving relationship with someone younger, and how difficult it would be for the younger man involved.

One 64-year-old man I spoke with said, "I don't want to be around someone my age. Everyone I know has a list of aches and pains, and my list is just as long as theirs. I want to be around someone younger than myself, so we can talk about something other than arthritis and Geritol. But how can I find a younger man who would be interested in an old fool like me?"

Another older man kept his young lover a secret. He did not understand the necessary ingredients that go into a satisfactory relationship. The young man could not answer the phone, and had to wait in the basement when someone came to the door. The two of them could not be seen together in public. Needless to say, the older man lost his young lover.

For many years the picture of the lonely older gay man, unhappy and isolated, was common. For some men, this was the case, but it was not universal. There are men who have been content to deny their sexuality and live a lie because of work or family, but times have changed, and this is becoming less common.

The younger man coming into an intergenerational relationship should look at his partner's background and understand where his lover is coming from. If his senior partner has been gay all his life, there should be little difficulty. Yet if the senior partner has just begun to deal with his sexuality, there could be problems. This is especially true if a family is involved.

Activists in the gay movement insist that everyone, regardless of age or circumstances, should *come out*. Coming out does and should mean different things to different people. Forcing men, younger or older, to come out is sadistic and cruel. Family members are hurt, and the man's psyche is damaged.

One has got to come out at his own speed and in his own manner. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. It could take time. There is no reason to announce your sexuality to family and the world in a sudden burst of irresponsible enthusiasm. The wisest thing to do is to live life as you want. Then when you are asked about the new lifestyle, tell the truth, but say as little as possible.

Consider my own case. I was a teacher, school administrator and counselor in the "straight" world for thirty years. When I chose to live with my younger lover, I had to decide how to tell my family. For years I advised others, but I did not know what to do myself.

A friend came up with excellent advice, which I pass on now. The advice was to let coming out develop naturally. When someone asks, give an honest answer. Much of society has been conditioned to frown on homosexuality. Not rushing into a hasty action will give time a chance to condition a positive response. Time is God's healing agent, and we need to use it effectively.

After several weeks, one of my children said, "Dad, are you gay now?"

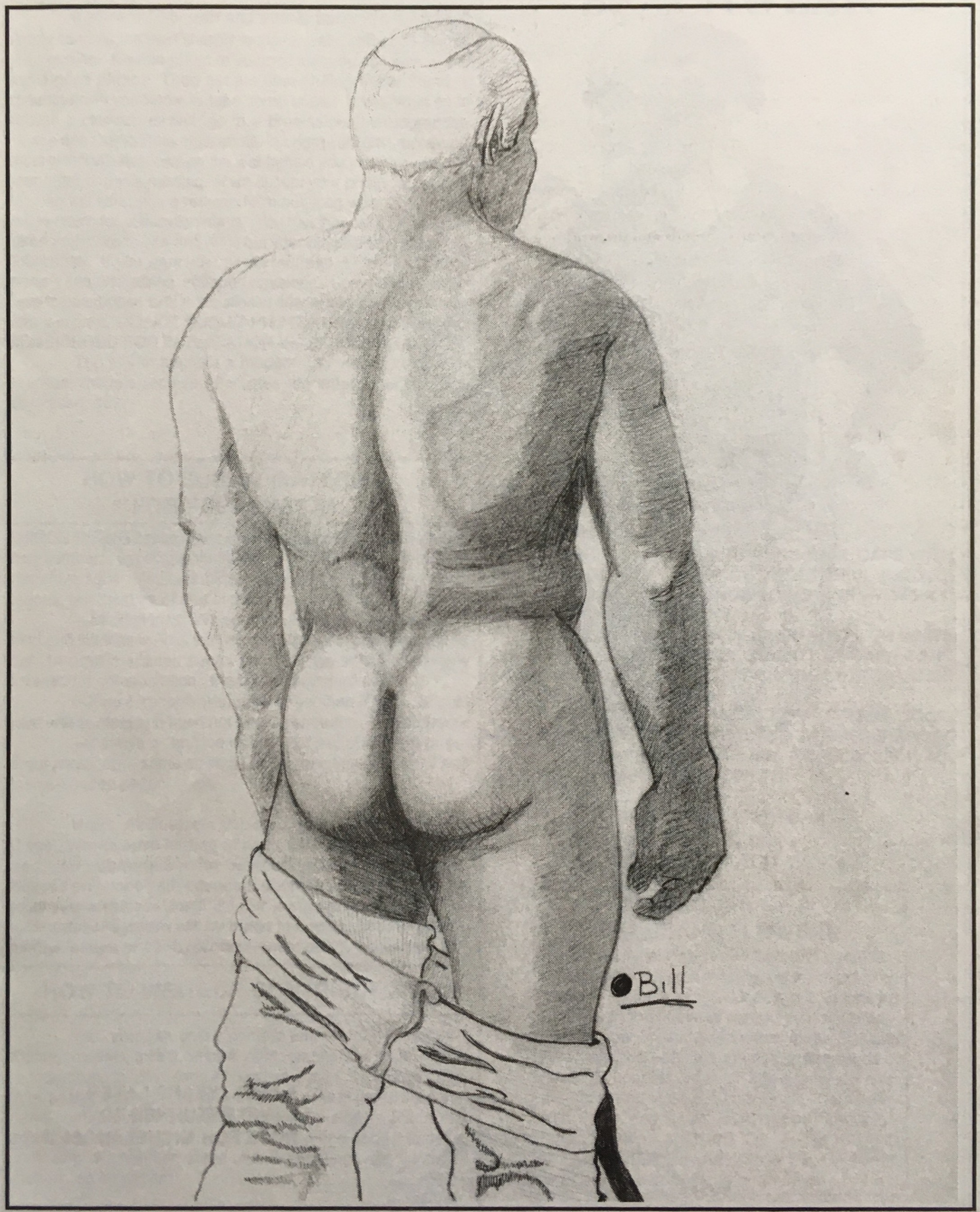
I replied, "I'm as gay as a sixty-three-year-old man can be. Is that a problem for you?"

Asking a question in response to a question shifts the responsibility to the questioner.

The reply was, "If you're happy, Dad, it's no problem."

To those older men entering our lifestyle at a late date, my advice is not to make an announcement. Just answer questions honestly. Of course, this is more difficult if you are coming out from a radical right or Fundamentalist Christian background. But it can be done without hurting the people you work with or the family you love.

PAPA BEAR, an outstanding contributor and supporter for CR, lives with his life mate, BABY BEAR, near the Russian River north of San Francisco. These delightful men run the increasingly popular bed and breakfast resort, "The House of a Thousand Flowers."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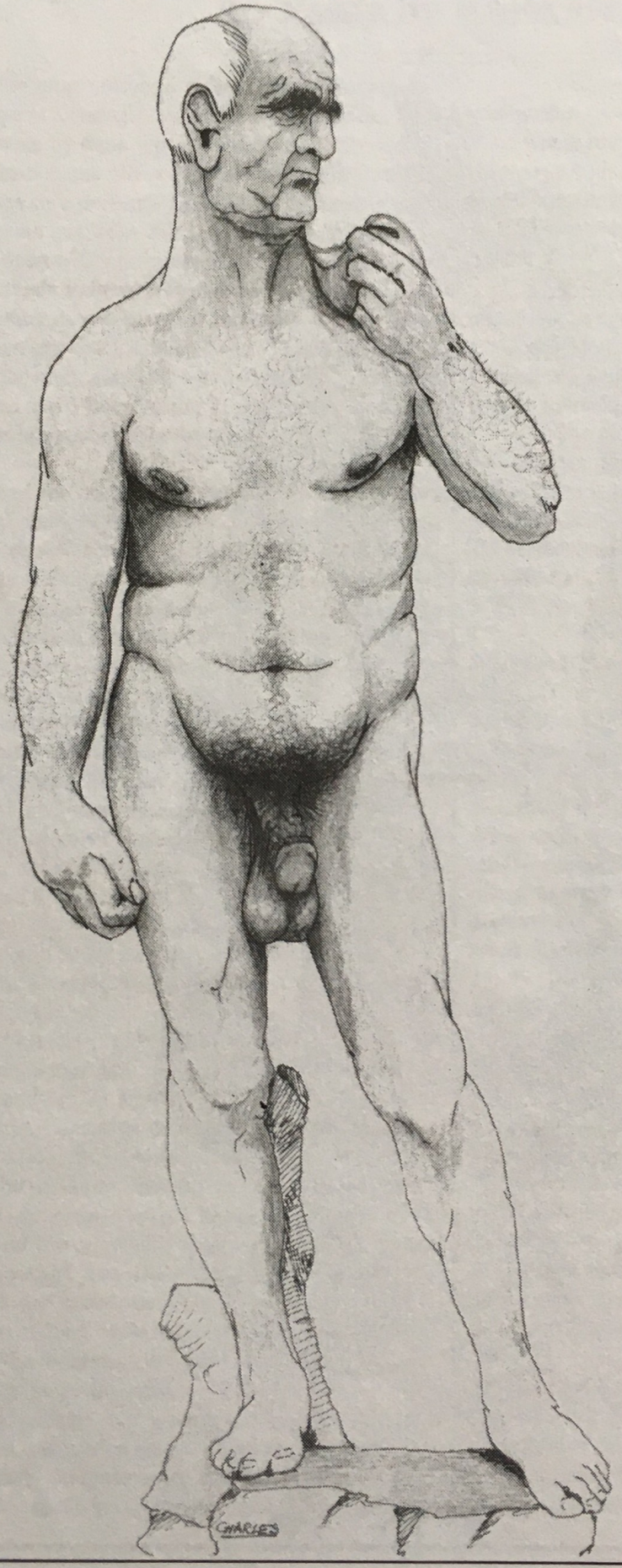

A FEW YEARS LATER, DAVID RETURNED TO POSE FOR MICHELANGELO . . .

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If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, simply send us the best sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself that you can find. Can't find a good photo? Then get the best photographer friend or acquaintance you know to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, shots in bright sunlight , sex shots, shots with flash shadows on the wall behind you, or shots with half your head or penis missing. If we accept your photo for publication, we will send you a release form outlining what we will give you in return for publication rights. You can then tell us what code name you'd like to use and write out your biographical sketch for publication. If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send along a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Some photos might have to be cropped to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

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HOW TO WRITE*CR* CONTRIBUTORS

Yes, you can easily contact any of our contributors, whether models, artists, writers, photographers or staff. Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil the name of the contributor in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some of our contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient.

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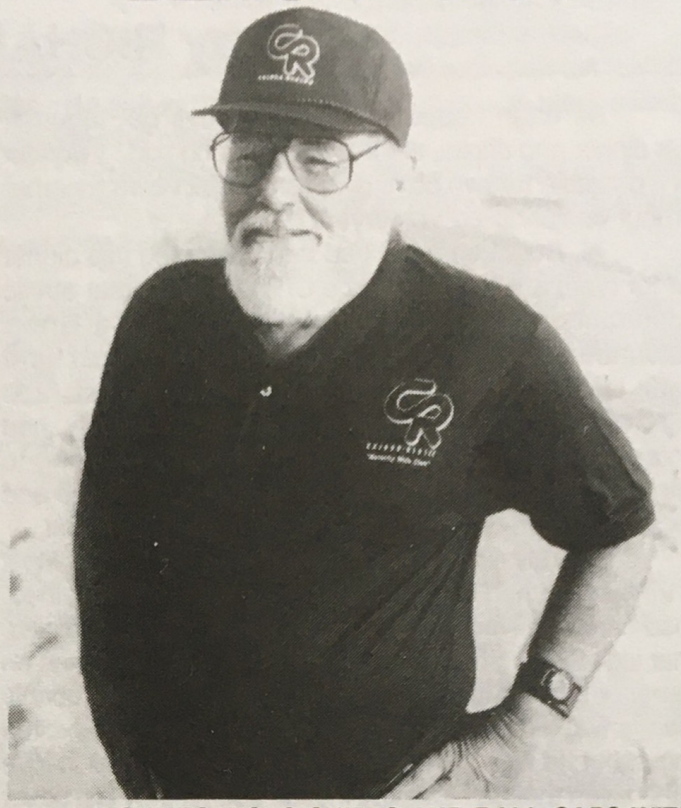

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A LITTLE TOUCH OF HARRY

by RICHARD POWER

As often happens when the guys get together over dinner and drinks, the talk turns to long ago. I wonder if it's possible for two guys over forty to sit down together without conjuring up yesteryear?

Al, Bud, Len and I had been planning this dinner out for quite a while, and since Chicago has great ethnic restaurants, we'd agreed on the Parthenon, a Greek restaurant on the Northwest side. My mom should have made lamb that good. Anyway, dinner was great, and then we had a couple of drinks. Al, Mr. Melancholy, had a couple of *ouzos* in him and decided we were all going to talk about our first loves. The reactions were varied and vocal, but everyone went along anyway. Al was first.

I barely listened. I was a late bloomer, while most of these guys had been out since they were potty trained. I had barely laid hands on a guy before I was in my thirties. That isn't to say I hadn't looked at men, or had crushes on some, or been in love. I still think about Harry. I probably always will. He certainly wasn't the first guy I got excited about, but he was the first guy I can really say I fell in love with. Even though I love my friends dearly, they will never know about Harry. When it was my turn, I would make up some story to satisfy the prurient nature of semi-stewed dinner companions, but Harry would stay in my heart, my soul and every cell in my body. If I fall in love again, I may tell my lover about Harry. Then again, maybe not. But for that moment, I could only relive those few days in my mind and somehow find a smile along with all those tears. While the others droned on, my thoughts let me smile a bit.

***

We came in on the Navajo aircraft like a stone plummeting out of the sky. It had been a busy morning. We finished orientation at Tan Son Nhut Airport at about ten hundred hours, were on a plane by eleven and had landed at Dong Tam a little after twelve.

The aircraft taxied over to the metal box referred to as the terminal. We waited patiently for the rear ramp to touch down, picked up our duffel bags and walked out into the noon heat of Dinh Toung Province of the Republic of South Vietnam. It was December 3, 1969, and there wasn't a hint of snow in the air.

There were four of us. One more officer besides myself, Captain Yamato, a hefty-looking black sergeant first class, and a very frightened-looking PFC not long out of advance training. I knew how he felt. Sure, I'd had four years of service, trained infantry, officer's candidate school, the whole bit. But I was a normal, red-blooded, American boy. I was scared too.

The aircraft had scurried through another takeoff, pulling its built-in breeze with it. Now that the air had stilled, the ninety degree temperature and ninety percent humidity began to take their toll. I wondered it I would ever get used to constantly sweaty uniforms.

Almost as if on cue, we moved into the terminal only to be greeted by a specialist fourth class who seemed annoyed, as well as bored, with the need to deal with new arrivals. He gave us small packets of paper work and pencils, asking us to sit at the school desks against one wall. He said that we should wait before entering any information until he walked us through the forms. The hut wasn't cool and neither was I. Patiently, I complied with the man's dictum, suppressing the desire to rip the paper work to shreds and walk out.

I'd had the vision earlier in the day of running off the plane into a bunker or something, being given a rifle and told to fight off the attacking foe. But this was not Dien Bien Phu. This was the U.S. Army, and the damned war would just have to wait.

After checking the paper work, the specialist approached with some orders directing us to the reception station where we would undergo still more orientation.

My orders from division had sent me to the First Battalion, Thirty-ninth Infantry. That pleased me a bit. The 1/39 was assigned to the First Brigade of the division which had the operations area around Don Tam. I figured I wouldn't be roughing it all that much.

If I give the impression of having a pretty casual approach to entering a combat zone, forgive me. But I felt like something of an old salt by the time I actually arrived at my battalion. We had been mortared by the VC the night before, and I handled it better than I expected. That is, I just huddled in the bunker like everyone else, gritting my teeth and not losing control of my bodily functions.

I reported to the battalion commander, who was very "regular army." West Point. The ring and everything. He impressed me from the start as being a very together lieutenant colonel. Subsequent events would bear this out.

I would be assigned as the battalion intelligence officer. I'd been around. I knew it was a good place to stick an untried officer, so he couldn't do any damage before putting him in the field with command of troops. I wasn't a green second lieutenant. I was a first lieutenant with about six months in grade. In those days, that was halfway to captain. I'd been a platoon leader and a staff officer in Europe. It wasn't the same thing. In Europe, we were glorified maintenance supervisors. In Nam, we would be real combat leaders. I appreciated the opportunity to get my feet wet. Sure, I commanded a platoon of

men in Germany, but we spent most of our time pulling maintenance on our tracked vehicles. I didn't have a lot of quality leadership time with my troops.

I'd been introduced to the other folks in the battalion headquarters building and was given an opportunity to put my things away in my quarters. The place wasn't too bad.

Think of Dong Tam as a modern day Fort Laramie stuck out in the jungle with helicopters flying all over the place. One side bordered on the Mekong River.

I discovered that most of the battalion units were in the field patrolling around AO Cudzu. That was the name given to the Area of Operation around Dong Tam. One company was in. I met the officers from Bravo Company at supper: Lieutenant Jimenez, executive officer; Lieutenant Nelson, first platoon; Lieutenant Kewman, second platoon; and Lieutenant Martinez, weapons platoon. The third platoon was commanded by a sergeant because the regular platoon leader had become a casualty. I didn't pursue it. The battalion commander looked around.

"Where's Captain Linowski?" The lieutenant colonel leaned back, all six feet, four inches of him, puffing on his cigar, looking around the table.

"Here, sir." Standing in the doorway of the mess was a graying blond in his early forties. Retread, I thought. He's got to be the oldest captain, and the most senior, in the world. He stood about five ten, weighed about . . . oh, one seventy or so, and sported a nice mustache that pressed the edge of the regulation envelope. He dumped his pack, helmet and rifle on a pile in the corner and strode across the mess hall floor like he had personally paid for it.

Dear God, I thought, please don't let me fall for this guy. Christ, yes, I was gay. I wasn't out, but I also wasn't made of stone. I'd had crushes on guys before. They were harmless. That is, if you can call experiencing an incredible need for someone and not being able to act upon that need as harmless. I think I feared falling for someone in Vietnam more than the idea of the physical danger. Fall in love with someone who can go out and get shot ten minutes later? Please no!

"Captain Linowski? I'm Lee Richards." I rose and shook hands with the captain. His smile seemed to take up his whole face. His eyes glinted a blue that rivaled the Caribbean, and I think he had more than the regulation number of teeth. His big, paw-like grip was firm but gentle.

"Harry. Actually, it's Harold, but no one calls me that except my dad, and that's because he can kick my ass," he said. Or I think he said that.

"I beg your pardon, sir." I was standing while he had plopped down in the chair next to mine.

"This aged figure you see before us will rotate home soon and finish his career course and get his oak leaf," the battalion commander interjected.

"I sort of figured you were pretty senior, sir." I smiled with a certain wicked gleam in my eye, which the captain seemed to notice.

"Harry. Everyone calls me Harry." He yanked me by the arm and I sat.

"Is that H-a-i-r-y?" I tried to sound innocent.

"Very funny. I don't like the name Harold." He pulled out a pack of Pall Malls and took one out with his lips. He jerked the pack a bit until a couple were sticking out, then he offered one to me.

"No, thanks. I smoke these." I pulled out a pack of Benson and Hedges and lit one up. "By the way, everyone calls me Lee."

"Never could get used to filters. I guess I've been smoking these for twenty-five years." He exhaled a volume of smoke I didn't think human lungs could hold. "Just in-country?"

"Yeah. Five days ago." I tried to be cool . . . for a lot of reasons.

"Where'd you come from?" he continued.

"My last assignment was with the Eighth Division in Germany. I just left Wisconsin about a week ago. You know, when I left O'Hare, there was six inches of snow on the ground, and the temperature was about twenty." I guess I was showing a lot of nervousness.

"Don't worry about it, Lee. You'll be okay."

We all settled in for a decent supper and some talk.

As darkness fell around seven-thirty, Harry leaned over. "Want to go to the O club for a drink?"

"This place has an officers' club?" I was surprised.

"Sure. Even a pool, if you want to call a huge canvas bag a pool. Let's go."

Harry and I excused ourselves and left.

We spent a few hours at the club just talking army. He told me he'd been a lifer since eighteen. He went to Officer's Candidate School at Fort Benning, my alma mater, about six years earlier after having spent seventeen years in the service. He'd already made first sergeant. He would probably have made sergeant major by the time he was forty, but where do you go from up? So he figured to get a commission. He had to get a waiver because of his age, but passing his last enlisted physical fitness test with a score of 490 helped.

He'd been in Vietnam once before as an NCO but served in 1967 as a lieutenant. He was on his third tour.

I felt I might be dealing with a mental case. I couldn't wait to see his dress uniform and check out his medal collection. I learned later that he'd also been in Korea for a tour back in 1951. I told him that he must have some sort of combat compulsion or a death wish.

"Well," Harry claimed, "I wanted to be on the crest of the power curve, and combat duty is where it's at."

"I think it's a bit more complex than that," I ventured.

"How?" he asked without looking at me. He leaned back in his chair, put his feet up on the table, and took a swig from his can of Schlitz.

"You mentioned before how you had to do escape and evasion on your first hitch. Your chopper was shot down. Everyone except you and your CO were killed, and your CO couldn't walk."

"Yeah?" He peered across the top of his beer can at me, the blue in his eyes becoming engulfed by dilating pupils.

"Your CO ordered you to escape, which you did. You figure your CO was either killed or captured. You feel guilty because you got away and your CO didn't . . . as well as the others." I had the good sense not to look like I'd just won an argument.

"Aw, what is all this psychological bullshit anyway?" Harry sat up, swiveled around, waving his can to signal for the waiter. "I'm not out to prove anything. And I don't think I'm responsible for those guys dying. Boy, you really know how to fuck up a party."

"I'm sorry, Harry. First, I'm not trying to shrink your head, and I'm not trying to fuck up your party. But we've both been around and seen a bit. It's not your fault that they didn't make it. That's the breaks." I leaned over and placed my hand on his arm without thinking. He reached over with his other hand and patted mine.

"It's okay." He actually held onto my hand for a few seconds. "Wow, this is my sixth or seventh, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't presume to count my superior officer's drinks," I joked, enjoying the sensation of hand-holding. I'd never held another man's hand like that before.

"What the hell? You already did psychoanalysis and social work on me. You might as well be my mom too." Harry released my hand and leaned back, laughing. "Mom! That's great. I'll tell you what, Lee, if I can call you Mom, you can tell me when I'm being naughty or nice, okay?" He chuckled into his beer.

"Okay, I'll be Mom." And you can be Daddy, I thought, releasing one of those silent, screaming sighs we've all let loose once or twice in our lives.

When he rotated home, I thought, contemplating what his future would probably be like if he lived, he'd probably go to Infantry Career Course and make major very fast. He probably figured his only obstacle to being a general was that he was single.

My ears perked up a bit on that. I liked men, but I'd never done anything about it. When I met a guy I liked and learned he was single, I'd get a bit flustered. Sometimes it drove me nuts. I figured one day I'd either get into the gay life (and I didn't really know what that amounted to in very much detail), or I'd blow my brains out. So, I decided I needed more information. "Are you divorced?" I was all innocent attention.

"Naw," is all he said.

So we had brought each other up to speed on our lives and had gotten suitably smashed in the process of forming our bond. Interestingly, neither of us tried to blow smoke up the other's ass about our romantic conquests. I'd experienced none, but I didn't know about Harry. It gave me something of a thrill that he was a toucher. He didn't mind some hands-on friendship. Guys are usually real touchy about that.

As time went on, this would become more apparent and I would become less self-conscious about it.

He'd sometimes put his arm over my shoulder. At other times, he came up behind me and kneaded my shoulders as he said hello.

Once, in his quarters, I was sitting in one chair and had my feet up in another. Sprawled crossways on the bed, he stretched his legs out and crossed his ankles, resting his feet on my thighs.

I wasn't the only one he touched. I used to get a kick out of watching him talk to one of his platoon leaders when he wanted to make a point. He'd be right up close, face-to-face, and looking down with those big lapis eyes, his arms up on the man's shoulders, his hands hanging over the back. Real Dutch uncle kind of stuff. Very effective. He made a point and was warm about it all at once. Great stuff.

But, naturally, I personalized it. I also fantasized like hell. We did spend a lot of time together though. Usually, I'm really possessive when I fall for someone I can't touch. So I got nervous when Harry went out on operations with his outfit. I was a staff officer and also went on operations in the field, but I was usually behind the line or at least not responsible for the direct leadership of troops. I was doing intelligence stuff, which usually meant adding to the confusion and trying to keep out of the way. But I'd nag Harry about being careful. He had a reputation for running "point," where he'd be the first man up in front of the outfit as it moved through an area.

He had a company of over a hundred men in the field and could direct any one of them to run point—which he should've done—but he had a hard time ordering someone to do that. So, when things got sticky, he tended to move toward the front to be with the point, even if he didn't actually replace him. I figured that because he was forty-two, he was trying to prove to himself and his men that he could still do "point" out in the field. After my head-shrinking episode I didn't dare bring up the subject of his maturity. The battalion commander also read his beads a couple of times about running point, to no avail. Still, I continued to nag.

"Yes, Mom," would be his reply. Then he'd nudge me or give me a one-armed hug and do the same damn thing the next day.

After I'd been in-country for a few months, it occurred to me that Harry was getting short and ready to go home. In fact, he had less than sixty days. It was usual for the battalion commanders to pull "short" officers out of the field and give them staff jobs. They tried to do this with NCOs and enlisted men too, although it wasn't always possible.

In fact, I'd suggested to the battalion commander a couple of times that there were qualified officers to take command of Bravo Company, including myself. The lieutenant colonel agreed, surprisingly, but said that Harry

was putting up a fight about it. Harry didn't feel that there were enough experienced first lieutenants or captains around to take over.

Meanwhile, I was getting more experience in the field by going on reconnaissance trips with some of the units in the different areas of operations. Besides doing my intelligence job, this allowed me to observe field operations first hand and get into a couple of fire fights without having to worry about actually maneuvering units.

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't Mr. Cool-Under-Fire. I got as frightened and nervous as the next guy when we were getting ready to engage the enemy.

Still, I was amazed and a bit ashamed at how exhilarating combat was. Once the shooting started, the fear went into a little compartment some place and kept out of the way. But it didn't disappear. I learned to see myself more and more.

Oddly, in the months I'd been with the battalion, I never went out with Harry and his whole company. I went out with a couple of platoons—sort of a truncated version of Bravo Company—while Harry went on a somewhat forced rest and recuperation to Japan, but nothing much happened.

Then one night, Harry and I were sitting around in his room just talking about his R and R and having a couple of drinks. He'd loved Japan, he told me, and actually thanked the battalion commander earlier in the week for having ordered him to take the rest leave.

Bravo Company was also getting ready to move into another area of the security zone around Dong Tam. The next couple of days would see Bravo Company working with the Vietnamese Regional Forces along the Cho Gao Canal.

"And, my dear old mom, you're going with us." Chuckling, he leaned over from his position on the bed and slapped my leg.

"I know." I lit a cigarette and hacked through the smoke. "We're supposed to be cleaning up the west slide of the canal while the regional forces clean up their side. Phoenix stuff. Very T.S." I spoke in a stage whisper.

"Very *B*.S., you mean. Top secret my ass," Harry snorted. He had scant respect for the Vietnamese troops and the American intelligence operatives who worked with them.

"It'll be the first time I've gone out with you." I was tentative, not knowing where I was going with the remark.

"Hell, you've spent almost as much time in the field as I have these last few months. We'll be following the side of the canal. I'll have the first platoon on the right on line, the second on the left, echelon left, and the third pulling rear security. I think Tank will be best on the left, securing the flank." He'd mumbled his nickname for his second platoon commander, the only officer he had on the ground since his first platoon leader was killed and his third was on R and R. "You'll be the senior officer besides me if anything . . . "

"Oh, fuck you!" I said louder than I intended.

"What?" Harry rolled over on his side and watched me as I slunk down into my shirt muttering obscenities and feeling pretty foolish. "You know, you're the only one I talk to around here? Why is that, do you suppose?" Those eyes dug into me like a probe.

"I'm the pet dog you never had." I tried to lighten the moment a bit. All I really wanted to do was to hold on to this guy and tell him that I cherished every word he said and every gesture he made.

"I feel like I'm talking to part of myself when I talk to you," he said as if he'd just discovered some hidden truth. He rolled over and lay on his stomach, still looking at me. "I want you to be careful out there. We're going after big wigs tomorrow, and it could get real shitty real quick. Okay?"

I was touched by his concern. "Hey, you're the one who likes to get out in front and play bloodhound. That's not your job."

"Okay, Mom. I won't run point tomorrow. Deal?" He placed his big hand on my foot and shook it.

"Deal." I stood up.

"Where're you going?" He propped himself up on his right elbow.

I stretched. "To bed. Tomorrow is going to be a long day."

"Sleep here."

It took a while for the invitation to sink in. "Sure. Where?" I answered lamely, willing to accept any excuse to stay.

Harry moved over on his twin bed mattress. Two people could fit only snugly.

He was in his T-shirt and underpants, so I stripped off my fatigue shirt and pants. All I had on were my underpants. I lay down next to him, getting more nervous all the time. I rolled over on to my stomach.

"Plenty of room." Harry shifted a bit and moved toward the wall.

I stayed on my front for several minutes. Harry had been breathing softly, but I didn't think he was sleeping. Then a hand came to my neck.

"You're all wound up." He started to knead my neck, then he moved around, and I could tell he was getting into a kneeling position. He began to rub my neck and shoulders. This went on for a few minutes. "Do you want to roll over and let me do your front?" He began petting the back of my head.

"No, thanks. I'm fine." It was all I could say, and I could barely get that out. I was elated yet terribly frightened. Harry was doing all that I wanted him to do and inviting the inevitable at the same time. But I couldn't go through with it.

He lay back down and put his arm over me in a protective kind of way, then he moved his head closer to me.

"You're not ready yet, are you?" His breath on the back of my neck was warm, moist.

"No. Not yet, Harry. I'm sorry." I turned my face

to him. He was so close that I could see his smile in the dark. If either of us had moved a half inch, we'd have kissed. His eyes gleamed.

"It's okay." He began rubbing the back of my neck again. "I'll be here when you're ready. For now I'll just touch you a little. Okay?" I turned my face away, letting him go on for several minutes.

Eventually, he apparently figured that I was asleep and stopped. I heard him turn toward the wall. In a few minutes, he was snoring and muttering softly in some secret dream place. Soon I mustered up enough nerve to roll over and put my right arm across him in a protective kind of way. He shifted slightly and grasped my right hand, tightening my hold on him a bit, letting out a satisfied, "Ummmm." I never did get to sleep.

Breakfast the next morning was a hurried affair that started and finished before sun-up. The company, including me and my radio telephone operator, or RTO, assembled at the heliport, where several CH-47s made bedlam out of the morning with their rotating blades and roaring jet engines. The troops loaded up, and the ships took off with the morning sun sneaking over the canopy of palms. The four big choppers with their escort of gun ships took off, heading east for the Cho Gao Canal.

The fog of war took over, and before I knew it, we were moving slowly but purposefully up the western bank of the canal as our Vietnamese brethren moved up the other side. There wasn't a lot of opportunity to avoid walking on rice paddy dikes which were notorious for booby traps. The men had to move both on the dikes and through the flooded paddies. The canal was a narrow ditch perhaps a hundred feet wide; it reacted to the tides just like the Mekong River that fed it. It was a brown-green dankness referred to by the troops as the Big Green Latrine. The trees had been stripped away from the canal about two hundred yards most of the way along the seven or eight-mile waterway. An occasional hamlet had sprung up along the way where the people made exhaustive shows of normalcy and peace or else disappeared altogether.

It grew hot toward ten hundred hours, and we'd covered only a couple of miles. Navy Riverine Patrol boats tagged up and down the canal stopping civilian traffic and checking everyone aboard, looking for contraband. Except for the slosh of feet and the jingle of gear, everything was quiet. I was with the first platoon, moving on line with a front of about 150 yards. My RTO was right behind me.

I recognized one of the squad leaders.

"Zackey, where's your six?" I asked, referring to part of the call sign used to signify commanders.

"I'm not sure, sir. He's probably up there." The sergeant pointed his M-16 toward the front, right near the canal.

That son-of-a-bitch, I thought. *He promised.* I'd just slipped over a dike into another rice paddy. I was going to have legs of steel after this tour, I thought.

I started moving to the right to see if Harry was running point again. I started moving down the next dike.

"Joe," I called to my RTO, "you stay in the paddy, if you like."

He smiled back thankfully. Dikes were bad for bobby traps and mines. All the guys had to worry about in the paddies seemed to be sharp "pungie" stakes, and the new steel-soled boots helped a lot against those. I'm going to chew that son-of-a-bitch out, I though.

There was a horrendous explosion, and I was thrown off the dike. A fountain of water shot up, and mud-caked men were sprawled everywhere. I landed in the paddy nearly on top of Joe, and when I looked up, no one was standing. Sporadic shots were fired, followed by silence. A squad leader in the distance yelled, "Stay down!"

I moved forward next to the dike and came upon the first platoon sergeant and two RTOs. "Sergeant Jacobsen, where's the old man?" I couldn't see Harry anywhere.

"I don't know, sir," Jacobsen answered with a worried expression.

Harry's RTO lay on the ground next to the sergeant. Mud was dripping down his face.

"Phil, where's the boss?" I asked him.

"He went up by the point, sir. He didn't wait for me. He made me stay in the paddy, and he went down the dike." Phil looked like hell.

"It's okay, I'll check it out," I said, sensing a creeping numbness as the worst case scenario entered my mind. "Sergeant, who's the point?" I clicked the safety off my rifle.

"Specialist Cleveland, sir," Jacobsen answered.

I moved to the right near the edge of the canal. There was a path following the side of the man-made waterway. Up ahead was a small group of huts. Thirty or so yards ahead was a hole that could swallow a jeep. I crouched down next to a soldier sprawled in the paddy by the path.

"Where's Specialist Cleveland?" I was having trouble breathing. There was nothing around to show that Harry even existed. No one was moving. The only sounds were the rumbling of the engines from the Riverine Patrol and faint hum of some distant jet aircraft.

"I'm Cleveland, sir." The young black man had blood running down his right cheek.

"You're hurt." I turned to Harry's RTO who had followed me. "Get a medic up here," I ordered, turning to Cleveland. "Where's Harry?"

"He's gone." The specialist turned slightly, revealing another wound on his shoulder. He was looking at the hole.

"What do you mean, 'gone'?" I asked angrily.

"Gone. Gone, goddamnit. Gone. It was a box mine. He's dead and there ain't no body."

I stared at the hole, then felt a surging iciness.

Like some sort of a corpse rising from the grave, I got up and moved toward the hole. I stared into the two-yard deep crater and saw nothing that looked like any part of a man. There were no pieces of clothing. There were no bits of flesh, no tattered helmet like in some two-bit Hollywood production. Nothing. Involuntarily, I mumbled, "You son-of-a-bitch."

A tangle of incoherent voices came from behind me. From across the canal came a shout: "Get down, you stupid bastard."

Turning, I saw an American with an Australian fatigue cap. He was kneeling behind a tree stump.

I slowly walked into the paddy and sat next to Jacobsen.

"What do we do now, sir?" Jacobsen looked me in the eyes. He didn't just want instructions; he was telling me that I didn't have time for grieving.

"What?" I looked at him dumbly.

"You're the senior officer on the ground. You have to take over." He waited.

"I . . . I . . . " My own RTO had caught up with me. For some reason, that snapped me into reality. "Joe, advise Taxi Harvest Six that Cobra Finder Six is dead, and that I'm assuming command. "Ralph . . . Where's Ralph?" I looked around for Harry's RTO. He moved next to Sergeant Jacobsen. "Ralph, advise all Cobra Finders that I'm assuming command." I turned to my platoon sergeant. "Jacobsen, did we receive any fire besides the mine?"

"No sir." Jacobsen straightened up a bit.

"Okay, let's finish this up," I said, focusing on my responsibilities, somehow separating the officer from the bereaved lover. "Ralph, advise all Cobra Finders: *continue mission*."

Later that morning we cornered a dozen VC who ended up giving their all for Ho Chi Minh.

A month later, Captain Jenkins, the chaplain, came into my room and shook me awake. I was dreaming again, screaming, "You son-of-a-bitch!" over and over at the top of my lungs. It was too dark for him to see—or he had the generosity not to notice—the tears streaming down my cheeks.

***

I was snapped out of my dinner reverie when Al spilled a glass of wine. We all watched as the glass rolled delicately off the white table cloth onto the floor, shattering somewhere around high E flat. I wasn't in the mood to exchange love stories with my buddies, not that I ever was that evening. I don't suppose I'll ever manage to control it, will I? I wanted to be away from that dinner because all I could do was think of how I felt that night when the chaplain woke me up. I didn't want to sleep. I didn't want to go home. I didn't want anything except . . . Except a little touch of Harry in the night.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The above is a fictionalized account of a true story. Only the names of people have been changed.

RICHARD POWER, a burly bear in his 50s, lives in the Midwest, and is a lover of fellow mature stockies, short or tall. Normally a writer of science fiction and historical material, he delved into a different genre for us and stunned many of our readers with his "Old Soldier's Home" published in Issue #50. He's interested in hearing feedback from his readers.

--CHIRON--

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THE LOVE SONG OF ROY ELMO

(With apologies to J. Alfred Prufrock)

Odo nella notte,
quando tu dormi
sul mio core—
odo nel silenzio della notte
una stille che cade . . .

Let us go, love, you and I,
to cruise Lee Park neath twilit sky
and walk down Hall's deserted street
at end of day.
A full attack, a hasty sweep,
for early birds of eve
find tasty worms—the sweetest prey.

Across the paths in afterglow,
men of the night go to and fro.

In old days we were not afraid
of homophobes or mean rough trade,
but any group which finds retreat
has never got it made. Instead,
with all problems, growth mounts
exponentially, and what counts
is dread loose lips and gossip flow.

Across the paths in street light glow,
men of the night go to and fro.

Loose lips, the bane of sinking ships,
the word goes out: blow jobs are free
in the park of Lee's dark corners,
and other secret sins are found—
the sinners hidden underground
to gratify profoundest fantasy.
Secrecy, how could that keep quietly?

Across the paths in moonlight glow
men of the night go to and fro.

There was magic in Lee Park a while,
a brotherhood, some style, much wit,
then invaded by men devoid of guile,
redneck users full of angry guilt,
bullies some, all full of shit.
Lee Park is no rendezvous for romance now;
pass it by, love, without a second glance.

Across the paths in late starglow,
men of the night no longer go.

ROY ELMO writes primarily of the past. Born in 1921, he lives quietly closeted in a small Texas town near Dallas.

COACH BIGGS

by QUETZAL

WHAT TH--!?
DAM-NATION!
COACH BIGGZ HAS A GIANT WEENER
HEY COACH! YOU OKAY IN THERE?!
WILLY, THAT STALL IS COVERED WITH DISGUSTING GRAFFITI! GET ON IT RIGHT AWAY!
OKEE DOKE.
LESSEE... THIS ONE'S A LOT CLEANER...
sigh
HEY COACH!
WHAT IS IT NOW, WILLY?
YOUR "GIANT WEENER"...
IT AIN'T COMIN' OFF!
IT WOULD IF YA USED A LITTLE ELBOW GREASE & RUBBED HARDER!
YOU BET! THAT ALWAYS DOES IT FOR ME!
HUH?!

DICK II

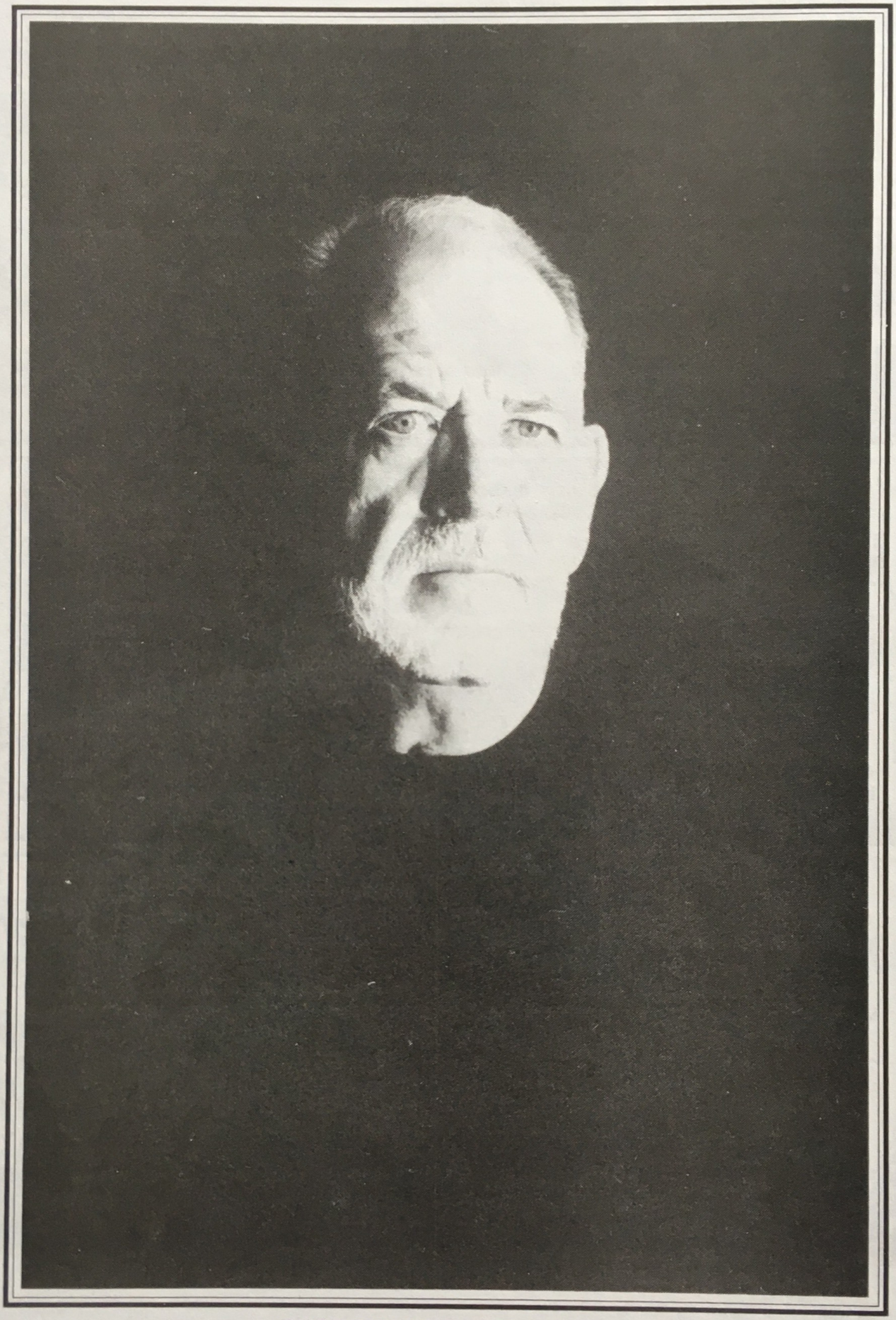


PHOTO BY MICHAEL QUINN

PROFILES OF MODELS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS

[Note: Always include a photograph when writing to any model. You know what they look like, so how about returning the favor?]

MODELS

FRONT COVER: **SEADOG** - Sydney, Australia. He's 51, a nonsmoker, a light drinker, single, and looking for someone 30-60 with whom to share his life. Likes swimming, beach, camping, CW dancing.

PAGE 2: **JOHN PERRY** - Lubbock, Texas. He's 60, 5'-11", 165#, single, and a cowboy top. Likes traveling throughout the U.S. and meeting with other men who enjoy taboo sexuality.

PAGE 4: **BAMBOO** - England. Single and 53, he's a linguist and author who likes men over 60. Interests: travel, nudism, massage, bridge, cooking, meeting people. **LARO** - Houston (native). Likes making new friends. A first-place trophy winner in a fellatio contest at a recent Mardi Gras in New Orleans, he lives a quiet life and prefers simples pleasures around eight inches. **STUD** - Newport Beach, CA. At 72, he enjoys water jet skiing in the buff. His friend, ARIES, 35, is a good-looking Oriental who enjoys taking photos of older men. **JACK** - Orlando, FL. This cover man of Issue 47 reminds Orlando visitors that Disney and Sea Worlds aren't the only hot attractions.

PAGE 5: **TEXAS JOHN** - North Texas. He's 30, 6 ft, 173#, single and seeking masculine, stocky, affectionate, 40-70. Likes camping, outdoors, MCC, theater, amusement parks. **BENN** - Amarillo, TX. A giant 30 y/o bear at 6'-5", 270#, he seeks furry, nonsmoking, open-minded gentlemen. **BOO BOO** - Monterey, CA. He and his partner, YOGI love hot, hairy, hung men like RUSSIAN BEAR, KARL & CARL, ages 45-70, couples or singles. They enjoy fishing, camping, sun-bathing, swimming. **ART II** - Georgia. This 26 y/o is hard-working and fun-loving, into holding, cuddling and leather. He's single and looking for mature friends.

PAGE 6: **GERHARD & BLIXA** - Southern California. They're both an intergenerational (60 and 25) and international couple. Read more about this wonderful duo in the FORUM of this issue. **RAYMONDO & THE ENGLISH SQUIRE** - England. Likewise intergenerational (46 and 71), this delightful couple welcomes mature friends for short or long visits. **PAPA BEAR & BABY BEAR** - Northern California. (See profile on page 22.) **THE COLONEL & TOMCAT** - Southern Mississippi. At 69 and 38, this extraordinarily popular couple enjoy meeting new friends and traveling. **WERNER & HANSRUDOLF** - Switzerland. This intergenerational couple travel extensively when they're not entertaining visitors at home.

PAGE 7: **OUTSPAN** - Queensland, Australia. He's 70, 5'-8", 162", and a nonsmoking single who seeks travel companion and/or lifemate, 50-75, of firm physique. Likes art, music, theatre, swimming, boating, etc. **NORTH-OF-THE-BORDER** - Canada. This 36 y/o enjoys the outdoors and hairy men over 50. A single man, he enjoys meeting new friends. **SANDGROPER** - Perth, Western Australia. Another find of OUTBACK JACK. He's 57, single, comfortable with all men, and loves going to nude beaches. **BAMA** - Virginia. He's 53 and seeks mature, East Coast men, 60+ for friendship and fun.

PAGE 8: **MARC MANN** - Laguna Beach, CA. He's a nudist, a bodybuilder, and owns his own business. He's single and likes classical music, theatre, concerts, photography and sharing intimate dinners with close friends.

PAGE 9: **EX-LOGGER** - Washington State. He's our very first super model, and he really caused a stir when we first published this photo. Since the *SWAN* issue this masterpiece appeared in is long out of print, we thought we'd do it again. EX-LOGGER and life mate Tony winter in Hawaii and summer in Washington. Yes, the waterfall is on their property.

PAGE 18: **FRENCHY** - New Hampshire. At 55, this 6'-2", 200 pounder works out 3 to 4 times per week. He's a healthy, independent, responsible, loving old fashioned top who seeks younger (20+) men who are also trim and enjoy the beach, the arts and the theatre.

PAGE 34: **DICK II** - Southern California. This handsome senior is a famous artist (under a different name) who just received his Master of Fine Arts degree--40 years after earning his B.A. in drawing and painting. We will publish a photograph of one of his paintings in an upcoming issue.

PAGE 39: **CARL LAWRENCE** - San Francisco Bay Area. Single and 50, CARL likes photography, music, theater, cooking, needlepoint, people and quiet evenings at home. He would like to meet mature men for friendship and fun.

PAGE 58: **BELLYWARMER** - Nebraska. He's a true bear lover and is seriously thinking about moving to San Francisco to satisfy his craving. He'd love to meet big, hairy men like E. Asner, W. Brimley and P. Sorvino.

PAGE 59: **AL FRESCO and JOR** - San Francisco Bay Area. They're natives to the area and recently founded the Hirsute Fraternity, a social group for hairy men and their admirers. Interests: travel and naturist beaches. **THOM** - Idaho. He's one of our most popular models and is the favorite model of photographer JOEL, his life mate. Since they have an open relationship, they seek to meet new friends. **WALTER MITTY** - Laguna Beach, CA. He's another wildly popular model who likes the younger ones. This guy is one hell of an artist, and his works will be featured in upcoming issues.

PAGE 60: **MR. G.** - South-Central CA. He enjoys the great outdoors and the company of men his age or

older. Because of his work, he's often near the ocean north of Los Angeles. **LARRY** - Chicago. A strong, sensitive Daddy Bear type, LARRY, 42, enjoys the company of hot men, regardless of race or age. He lives with his life partner, model JIM. **BILL JUNIOR** - Pittsburgh. This ex-pro football player is single, 58, 5'-10" and 250#. He's a great admirer and lover of older men in all shapes and sizes. **ZIPPER** - Palm Springs. One of our most famous and publicly recognized models, this delightfully funny man lives with fellow model NIPPER. Look for him in an upcoming P.R. SIMON video release.

PAGE 61: **YING** - Dallas. A transplanted Taiwanese, YING, 45, lives in the heart of Texas with his life partner, MUR, 62. They love Siamese cats, orchids, classical music, mysteries and the theater. **ROMIE** - San Francisco. He's a 68-year-old, 5'-8", 150# Daddy/Master who seeks a submissive son, 18-45, for mutual enjoyment. Nationwide. **BUCK** - Ohio. A wildlife artist in his 60s, this masculine, athletic, health-conscious, endowed man is looking for a lasting relationship with someone similar, 35 to 50. **MOONCHILD** - Virginia. This former Broadway dancer is 49, 5'-10" and 285#, but he wants to slim down and shape up. He seeks 50ish (give or take 3 years), supportive, solid, independent type with personality. Enjoys romance, outdoors, movies, mountains, entertaining good friends. **FLETCHER** - Canada. He's 51, 5'-8", 180# and likes bear-like men, 50+, who are friendly, passionate and straight-acting. Enjoys music, fishing, movies, cuddling, travel and cooking. **NUTHATCH** - Illinois. Here is a 69-year-old chubby-chaser who is still looking. He lives alone in a small town not far from the University of Illinos

PAGE 62: **ARNIE** - Rhode Island. He's 57, 5'-9" and 220 pounds of real MAN. A bisexual nudist and nonsmoker, he seeks pen pals and friends who are older. **SEAN** - Austin, TX. None other than the great WOODY BALDWIN's (founder of PRIME TIMERS) life partner. SEAN is likewise an avid nudist. Both SEAN and WOODY love to meet new friends and travel extensively. **BABY BEAR** - Northern California. (See profile on page 22.) **BOB FIVE** - New Mexico. An ordained minister and Biblical scholar. He's the life partner of DQ and recently moved to New Mexico from California. They like to meet new friends. **BIG PAW** - Los Angeles and Boise, ID. He's happily involved in a very successful three-way relationship that will soon consolidate in Idaho. **JOHN McNEILL** - Binghamton, NY. Cover man for Issue #55. This famous ex-Jesuit is a national treasure and champion of gay Christians world-wide. He resides with his life mate, our editor CHARLES CHIARELLI, and is working on his third book. **DENNY** - Orange County, CA. He's world-famous at what he does, but we must remain mumm. A silent partner in BIG MAC BEACHWEAR, he lives near the beach with his life partner, model BIG MAC. These guys are super friendly and love meeting new people. **DQ** - New Mexico. He's the life mate of BOB FIVE (see above).

PAGE 63: **CHARLES OF THE ROCKIES** - Colorado. He's into S & M and some other exotic scenes. A thinking, evolved man, he loves conversation and the sharing of profound feelings and thoughts. He seeks those who share the recognition that we are our brother's keepers.

BACK COVER: **BARNEY** - Central California. He's a 31-year-old southern man with personality and style. A Louisiana transplant, he enjoys golf, theatre, outdoors and older men.

ARTISTS

PAGE 23: **BILL III** has lived with fellow artist, KEMUSH, for 27 years. He's tough, masculine and quiet, but he kills with his smile. A jack-of-all-trades, there is nothing he can't fix.

PAGE 24: **CHARLES OF FRANCE** is a 40-year-old professional artist who lives in Paris. He loves and would like to hear from older, hairy men.

PAGE 33: **QUETZAL**, 40, is a very bright and attractive artist who lives with his senior lover (and CR model) in West Hollywood. He's one of our most prolific contributors.

PAGE 52: **KEMUSH** is one of the funniest, most clever men we've ever met. A brilliant artist in any medium, he collects Southwest Indian art and paints dazzling nude portraits of men of color. He's in his early sixties and lives with BILL THREE in Los Angeles.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

JOEL is a semi-professional photographer in Idaho who may be headed for greatness. He also has a knack for finding incredibly masculine photo subjects in the most unlikely places. When he's in the groove, he can be quite prolific, so we eagerly await his next submittal.

RICHIE II is a free-lance photojournalist among other things. His talents are considerable, and he's just earned a master's degree in yet another field. He lives alone in an L.A. suburb and loves older white men who enjoy the company of younger black men.

[Publisher's Note: We are often asked about places which develop nude photos. We do have the addresses of a couple of gay developers who will process hard-core film, but sending your film out to these places for simple nudes isn't always necessary. Many smaller developers--and some larger chain stores--in California will develop nudes, provided they are not of minors. This more liberal situation exists in other states as well. The key is to call the shops in advance and ask about their policy. Shop around and ye shall find.]

MY EXPERIENCE WITH IMPOTENCE
by PACKER

My story begins in late September of 1991. I was 69 years old, and my health seemed just about perfect. The exception was high blood pressure which was under control through daily medication. So when I received a notice from a local hospital of a free prostate checkup, I called and made an appointment, paying most of my attention to the word "free." On October 5, I appeared, filled out the required papers, was ushered down the hall to a waiting room, in came a doctor, "Drop your trousers and bend over, please." Couldn't have been simpler. Then the shock: from behind me came the word "abnormal." Not at all what I was expecting. Was this doctor competent? Yes, for sure. He turned out to be the head of the urology department. He explained that the left side of my prostate had some hardness which indicated the possibility of cancer. He told me to have a Prostate Specific Antigen (PSA) blood test at the hospital lab and have the results sent to him. He became my urologist on the spot.

Three days later, the blood test was back with a score of 4.7 ng/ml (nannagrams per milliliter). Above 4.0 indicates the distinct possibility of cancer in the prostate. Within a few more days, my newly acquired urologist did a biopsy of my prostate through my rectum, using ultrasound. I felt more discomfort than pain. The results showed cancer in my prostate. One effect of the biopsy, of which I had not been forewarned, was very bloody urine, which was a definite shock. But it gradually disappeared.

The next step was to find out if the cancer had spread beyond the prostate. Accordingly, I was sent to have an MRI (magnetic resonance imaging) and a bone scan. These took some time but were painless. Results came a few days later: the cancer had not spread out of the prostate.

Late November, my urologist reviewed the results of all of the tests. He gave me a choice of removing the prostate by surgery through an incision from my navel to just above my penis, or a series of radiation treatments. He didn't push one way over the other. I chose surgery because I was apprehensive about radiation. No matter what I chose, one possible aftereffect was impotency. *Gulp!* So we set a date for Friday, December 27, and I crossed my fingers.

When the time came, I was at the hospital at the crack of dawn, had my crotch shaved, spinal anesthesia, etc., and away I went. Don't ask me much about the rest of the day. I do know that I was lucky to have been put into a private room at no extra charge, but I had a view of a brick wall. I had oxygen at my nose, an i.v. in my arm, a spinal probe in my back, and a most uncompromising catheter in my penis. I experienced little if any pain as I lay there, due to anti-pain medicine through the spinal probe, which was not removed for a day or two. My first activity was to sit up on the edge of the bed. Then, with the spinal probe removed, a nurse had me stand up and move to a chair. Eventually, I was coaxed to walk a bit and then on to longer and longer walks, always with my faithful catheter in attendance. I was sent home on about the fifth day, feeling chipper but unhappy at having to continue the use of the catheter. Its main problem seemed to be the inflexibility of the tube that went into my penis. I had to cooperate with the tube, not vice versa. I wore sweat pants for the first week or so for comfort, because a belt at my waist would have been uncomfortable. It also made access to the catheter waste bag more convenient. I was not allowed any strenuous exercising or lifting for six weeks. Each day I tried to walk a bit more to get myself back to normal. Little if any pain occurred as my recovery went along. The urologist prescribed sleeping pills, but I found that I didn't need them more than once or twice.

On January 8, 1992, twelve days after the surgery, I returned to the doctor's office to be checked and to have the catheter removed. HOORAY! Freedom at last! Then the doctor checked to see if I could urinate on my own—I could. The simplest matters can sometimes bring great joy.

For two or three weeks after the removal of the catheter, I had poor control of my bladder and wore an adult diaper. It wasn't a problem, didn't show in public, and was very effective. One of the first evenings at home, I watched a favorite television program and laughed so hard that I filled the diaper and had to change it. Then came another favorite show, more laughter and the end of the second diaper. Another change to a dry diaper and the rest of the evening was spent more soberly. But I did prove how effective the diapers were.

On January 28, the PSA test result was less than 0.5: a success. On February 4, my family doctor conducted my annual physical and all was well. In early March, there was another PSA test, and the results were again less than 0.5. Then my urologist told me that the pathologist had said there might be some cancer cells in the area of the surgery and recommended a series of radiation treatments to be sure that the area was "clean." This was a total surprise to me, but I wasn't in a position to argue. I decided to think positive and go along with the treatments which were to start right away, as I planned to take a trip to England and Wales in seven weeks. Fortunately, a new cancer center had recently opened its doors at the hospital. This meant that I simply had to go around a corner or two, and there I was.

The treatments were very simple. First, I removed my clothes from the waist down and put on a hospital gown. Then I was ushered into the treatment room, where I lay down on a long table underneath the huge machine that would rotate around me and send its rays to the particular area to be treated. In the beginning, blue tattoo marks were made on my abdomen to indicate the outer four corners of the area involved. These were used to insure that I was positioned correctly. The treatments usually lasted about a minute, and I couldn't feel them at all. Fellow patients were very encouraging, and I had no side effects for the first two weeks. Then I had some diarrhea troubles which were easily solved by medication. But I didn't experience any of the tiredness that most patients encounter. I did develop a sore rectum, but it got better soon, again with

medication and also sitz baths. It seems that no two patients have the same side effects. My feeling was that they were temporary and therefore bearable. At the conclusion of the six weeks of treatments, five times a week, I was "graduated" and packed my bags for England and Wales.

At this point, my scar was coming along nicely. I urinated well, although I did dribble a bit now and then, but not enough to cause a problem that needed immediate attention. I was back at the YMCA for my usual three-times-a-week exercising. I felt fine but for one very important matter: I was impotent. I couldn't get an erection. I had the most flaccid penis imaginable. This, of course, attacked the ego maybe more than anything else. My mind equates sex with erections. The end of the world for me?

Since then I've met people who don't consider my lack of an erection to be a huge drawback. What a happy surprise for me. And I've found out about possible remedies: medications, revascularization, vacuum pumps, injections and implants.

With my prostate cancer surgery and the subsequent radiation treatments behind me, and my coming to terms with my impotency, my urologist helped me to understand some of the possible remedies that I might consider as a way of regaining, to some degree, my potency. First, he tested the flow of blood to my penis by using ultrasound and found that it was close to zero. Hence no natural erections. I had resumed masturbating, without erections, and was reaching orgasms somewhat satisfactorily. One outcome that I had not expected was that I was now a "dry shooter." I don't ejaculate through my penis. The feeling is the same, but the ejaculation is into my bladder. A problem? I don't think so at all—maybe it's an advantage. At any rate it's another matter that I can't do anything about. So I accept it with a smile.

My urologist didn't tell me about the possibility of using drugs or hormone medication, but I found out on my own that they are effective in only a small number of cases and may have unattractive side effects. But they may be worth investigating with your urologist. Also, my urologist mentioned rather briefly the use of a vacuum pump. This I investigated on my own and then contacted him for further opinion. The vacuum cylinder is placed over the penis, and a pump draws the air out of the cylinder, which causes blood to be drawn into the penis. This causes an erection. Then a tension ring is placed around the base of the erect penis. When the cylinder is removed, the tension ring causes the penis to remain erect by preventing the blood from leaving it. Such an erection can be maintained for up to thirty minutes, at which time the ring must be removed. The main disadvantage that comes to mind is the lack of spontaneity. Maybe that is a small price to pay.

On one office visit during this investigative time the urologist injected a drug directly into my penis to see if it might be successful in producing an erection. No luck. A week or so later, he repeated the procedure but with a stronger dose of the drug, leaving me for ten or fifteen minutes to "think sexy thoughts." An erection resulted but it was painful. He said that this was due to the strength of the drug and could be easily corrected by reducing the dosage. Then he told me that I could be taught to give the injections myself and thus could have an erection almost at will. I passed on the idea. *Ouch*, was my feeling, but maybe that was too hasty a response.

Also, for a few men, revascularization, which is a vascular bypass operation or surgical re-routing of the penile blood system, may be a possibility. It would be worth considering, but it involves surgery and can be very expensive.

So we came to the possibility of a prosthesis. There are four types. All must be implanted surgically and are chosen according to your wishes and maybe the extent of your health insurance. The costs can be very high, depending on your selection. The simplest consists of two semirigid rods that are implanted in your penis, often under local anesthesia. This prosthesis is always semi-erect and may present a problem in concealing it when dressed. But the prosthesis is simple, relatively inexpensive and always ready. The second type is "malleable." Like the semirigid prosthesis, it is simple, inexpensive and always "full girth" and may be implanted under local anesthesia. The rod may be bent out of the way for concealment and later lifted to the erect position when desired. The third type is called "self-contained inflatable." The big word is inflatable. It is more expensive, more complicated, and may not be as rigid as the first two types. Two inflatable cylinders are implanted in the penis. Each has a pump and reservoir at the forward tip. To create an erection, you grip the head of your penis and pump until the penis is erect. To deflate, you bend the penis behind the head until it is flaccid again. This one is more complicated and so might present more problems.

The fourth type is called "fully inflatable." It most closely imitates the shape and feel of a normal erection, but it is more complex, more expensive, and more likely to fail than the others. There are three parts: a fluid reservoir in the lower abdomen, a release valve and pump in the scrotum, a pair of inflatable cylinders in the penis, and tubing connecting the three. Squeezing the pump makes the fluid fill the cylinders and causes an erection; squeezing the release valve returns the fluid to the reservoir and causes the penis to relax. The surgery usually requires hospitalization, although my urologist does most on an outpatient basis as long as there isn't too much pain. If there is, a patient would be hospitalized for a day or two.

To help me understand the various types of prostheses better, my urologist showed me a videotape that demonstrated each one in detail. Also, I was shown a sample of each to examine and manipulate. These were extremely helpful in filling out, in my mind, the information I desired for making a decision.

One major source of help was the knowledge and experience of my urologist. Before my appointments with him, I made a list of questions. He always patiently answered each one and asked if I had others. Some of them follow. Please remember that they are questions from my viewpoint, and the answers are those of the urologist. Your urologist may tell you differently.

What are the chances of a prosthesis being rejected? *Zero percent.*

What are the chances of infection? *Three percent.*

Is outpatient the common practice? *Yes.*

Local Anesthesia? *Yes.*

How long a recovery to use prosthesis comfortably? *Six weeks.*

Which prosthesis do you recommend for me? *Fully inflatable pump.*

Same life expectancy for each type of prosthesis? *Yes.*

What happens when the prosthesis fails? *The component is replaced. The life expectancy of some prostheses may not be more than 15 years.*

How would I realize that an inflatable prosthesis is failing? *It wouldn't pump up.*

Does the life of a prosthesis depend upon frequency of usage? *Not really.*

Does Medicare cover all costs? Yes, with secondary insurance. *Each person should check this in his own case.*

Should I be concerned that the prosthesis is made of silicone? *No, because problems were with silicone gel in breast implants.*

Can I drive myself home afterwards? *No.*

Can I drive the next day? *Yes, when comfortable enough to be off sedatives.*

What sort of bandage will there be? *Half inch paper strips.*

How soon can I resume exercising at the YMCA? *Six weeks.*

Can I shower? *Yes, next day, but minimize penile movement or scrubbing it or rubbing it dry. Just allow the water to flow over it and then pat it dry.*

How limber will my body be afterwards? *Moderately.*

Will the flaccid penis be different from before? *Probably more full.*

Is a catheter used at any time? *Yes, until the end of the operation.*

How many fully inflatables have you implanted? *Two hundred, as of October, 1992.*

How long have you been implanting the fully inflatables? *Since 1976.*

Any cases that didn't work out? *Of course, but sexual activity resumed after the defective part was replaced.*

Will I be able to urinate normally immediately afterwards? *Yes, although with the possibility of slight restriction.*

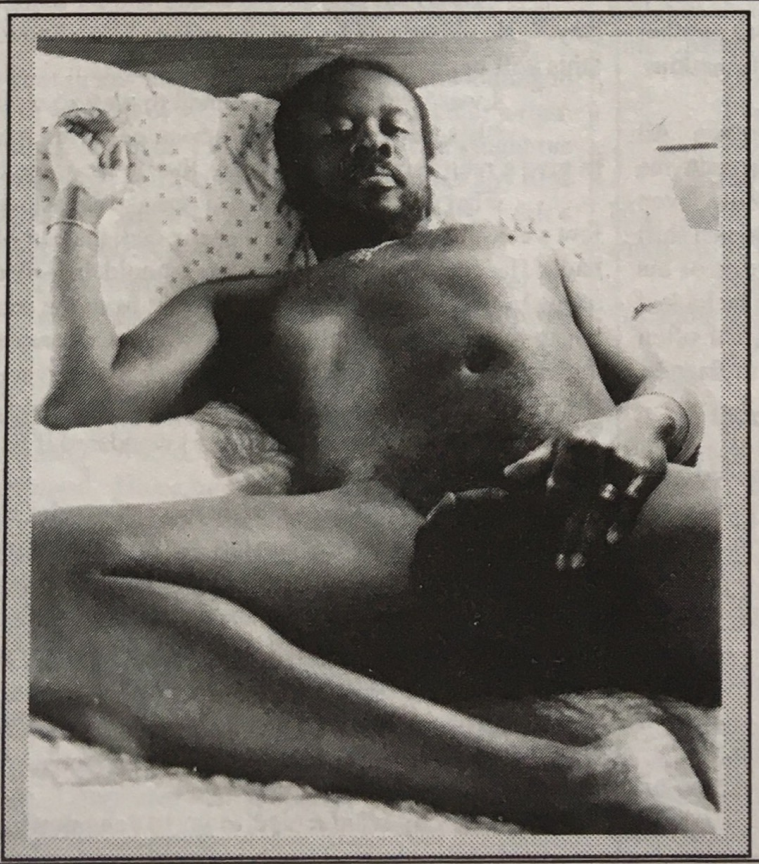
Are there any side effects that I don't know about? *Possibly pain, controlled with oral analgesics, and diminishing in about four to six weeks.*

What is the age of the oldest patient in whom you have implanted a pump? *Eighty-five years old.*

I hope that the above may help you to think through such a situation. One additional source of supporting information was some men who had received fully inflatable implants and who were only too happy to talk to me about them. They were unanimously pleased with their decisions and strongly advocated that type of prosthesis to me.

Now I am at the point where I must make up my mind on a course of action. Fortunately, my health is fine, and there is no need for immediate action. Maybe I will choose to leave well enough alone. I know that a most important factor in selecting one of the options is the variety of advantages and disadvantages of each that can be experienced. These should be weighed very carefully for each person's situation. The final choice is one which I must make all by myself.

PACKER, a retired math teacher, is 70. He is interested in cooking, backpacking, and making miniatures. He lives 30 miles west of Philadelphia.



CARL LAWRENCE

photo by Bob

COMING HOME

by Marsh Cassady

Between my parents and me existed an uneasy peace that often erupted into open battle and brought out my father's violence.

As I came downstairs one morning, my mother and a neighbor, Mrs. Dombrowski, sat at the table drinking coffee.

"I want to ask you something, Martin," Mrs. Dombrowski said. "Reverend Hoffman has an old college friend visiting."

I pulled out a chair and sat down, my back to the open window. A fly buzzed against the rusty screen. It was the 1950s; I was sixteen and biding my time till I could leave parents who viewed me as an intrusion into their lives, someone who could never please them no matter how hard he tried.

"The man's name is Ross Sherwood," Mrs. Dombrowski continued, "and he's an organist. He's giving a recital at the church and wants a trumpet player for one of the pieces. Are you interested?"

I shrugged, a cool breeze playing up my back. "I suppose." My family was musical; I'd been playing the trumpet for years.

Rev. Hoffman answered the door and gestured toward the living room. "Sit down. I'll tell Ross you're here."

I perched on a rose-colored chair at the edge of a pale blue carpet. Although I'd lived up the street all my life, I'd never been inside the parsonage. We went to another church a mile away. The living room was different from the linoleum-covered floors and squat mohair furniture at home.

In a moment Rev. Hoffman came back with another man. "Ross," he said, "I'd like you to meet Martin O'Jenkins. Martin, this is my best friend, Ross Sherwood."

He held out his hand. "I've heard a lot about you. All pretty impressive." He had a craggy face, a full moustache the color of toasted wheat and a smile that revealed white, even teeth. He wore dark brown slacks and a tan, short-sleeved shirt over a T-shirt. Chest hair curled down over the edge of his collar. His furry arms appeared tanned and muscular; he looked to be in his forties. I felt the same sort of thrill I'd often experienced around certain teachers or the fathers of friends. Now the feeling was intensified.

I stood and we shook hands.

"Do you have the music?" Mr. Sherwood asked.

"Yes, but I haven't gone over it." Mrs. Domrowski had told me it was Handel's "Largo from Xerxes," which I was surprised to find in one of my books.

We stepped outside. "You don't mind doing this, do you?"

I was startled. People usually didn't ask my opinion. "No, I don't mind."

Mr. Sherwood squeezed my arm and nodded.

Later, as I got out my trumpet, he sat at the organ playing something I didn't recognize.

"Do you know anything about the pipe organ?" he asked.

"No." I told him my Grandpa O'Jenkins had a pump organ I fooled with when we visited on Sundays.

"Sit down." He slid over on the bench leaving space beside him. I felt a jolt like electricity when our arms touched. "Do you play the piano?"

"A hymn or two." My grandma Thompson had been a music teacher and years before had given me lessons. I wasn't much interested at the time but still remembered the finger positions.

"In return for your helping me out, I'll give you organ lessons while I'm here. Deal?"

"I'd like that," I said. He'd be in town about four weeks.

"Okay then, I want you to learn to play . . ." He leaved through a hymnal and pointed to "Sun of My Soul." "Learn that as well as you can on the piano, then we'll work with it on the organ."

I picked up my trumpet, and we ran through "Largo from Xerxes" a couple of times.

"Are you curious to know how I found out about you?"

"I guess so," I said.

"I asked people in church Sunday to tell me who they thought was the best trumpet player around. It was unanimous."

I felt my face flush as I laid my trumpet inside the case and closed the lid.

"The Hoffmans are expecting you for lunch. Can you stay?" He closed and locked the organ. "You know," he said, "this will be my first recital."

I was surprised. He seemed to play so well.

"It's just a hobby. Jim's been pestering me for years to give a recital in his church. He finally wore me down."

That was the beginning. Time and again over the next few weeks, I wished this man was my dad, instead of the one I had. He was everything a father should be—warm, kind, rugged. I became attached to him right from the start, and we began to spend nearly all our time together, occasionally with the Hoffmans, but usually by ourselves. We visited the Ship Hotel, built like an ocean liner; we went deep inside a coal mine. We ate nearly every meal together. I wondered if he felt about me as I did about him.

I learned that he was a guidance counselor at a military academy in Northeastern Ohio, not far from the college I hoped to attend in two more years. The thought entered my head that if I attended school there, maybe I could stay with him.

When he discovered that I had my learner's permit, he offered to let me drive wherever we went.

"What if I get into an accident?" I asked him. "What if I dent a fender?"

"You won't."

One day we decided to go to Johnstown, twenty or

twenty-five miles from the town where I lived. Mr. Sherwood wanted to visit the churches there and try out the pipe organs.

We climbed into the car, a little red Nash. "I was thinking," he said as we pulled onto the road, "I'd like you to come to Ohio for a visit some time."

Again I felt that thrill in the pit of my stomach. Yet I knew my parents would never allow it.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked, apparently realizing how I felt. He reached over and squeezed my leg. Immediately, I felt my cock stiffen. What would he think if he knew?

***

All too soon it was the evening of the concert. Mr. Sherwood would leave the next day. The church was packed, all the windows open, the women using paper fans left in the pews and advertising the local funeral home.

I sat in the choir loft, watching Mr. Sherwood's fingers pulling out stops and gliding over the keyboard, his canvas shoes caressing the pedals.

He nodded for me to rise. The opened music book rested on a stand in front of me. He nodded again, and I blew through the tubing, opening the spit valve and blew out the excess moisture. I raised the horn to my lips.

I'd never played the trumpet better than I did that night.

Afterwards there was a curried rice dinner in the church basement. The Hoffmans had been missionaries in India. Before the dinner was over, Mr. Sherwood and I went outside.

"I'll be off early in the morning," he said. We stood below the church, under a leafy maple.

"I'll be here—"

"No," he said. "I'd rather we say good-bye quickly." He grabbed me in a bear hug. Then he turned and was gone.

***

We kept in touch, a letter or two a week, dwindling to maybe one every month or so. I've never been a letter writer. And I felt guilty that I hadn't kept up with what he taught me about the organ. Rev. Hoffman said I could practice any time the church was free. But the few times I went there, I felt a terrible longing, an indescribable sadness.

On Sunday, months later, my parents and I sat at the dinner table when suddenly Dan laughed. I was never allowed to call him Dad, nor Helen Mom.

"What's so funny?" my mother asked.

"I was thinking about that guy from Ohio."

I frowned. "Who do you mean?"

"Sherwood. He came to see us once when he knew you wouldn't be home. You were at summer band or something."

"What . . . What did he want?"

"He wanted to take you with him. He asked if we'd give you up, let him adopt you."

A chill started on the right side of my face and quickly spread over my body. I excused myself and went up to my room. I sat at my desk and stared out the window until it was dark. I didn't understand why they never told me, why they didn't let me go. I suspected they probably felt that that sort of thing just wasn't done.

A month or two after that, I started my senior year in high school. Already I'd applied to the school near Mr. Sherwood's home. Yet I had this terrible feeling that maybe he wouldn't want to see me. People drift apart, even though they promise they won't.

The school required an audition to determine if I'd be accepted in the music department. Just after my eighteenth birthday, I took the bus from Johnstown to Pittsburgh and the train the rest of the way. I hadn't told Mr. Sherwood I'd be there.

The committee asked me to play my prepared piece and sight read another. I thought I'd done well, but I didn't know.

I stopped at a Dairy Queen just off campus. There was a phone booth outside, and I decided to call him after all. It was the second week of November, unseasonably cold. I dialed and listened as the operator asked me to deposit some coins. A voice answered, "Hello."

"Mister Sherwood?" I heard the uncertainty in my tone.

"Martin!" The voice was strong, filled with warmth.

Tears sprang to my eyes. It was okay; it was going to be okay. Things didn't have to end.

"Where are you? Are you calling from home?"

I told him where I was. Cold air whistled through the cracks of the phone booth.

"I'll be right there."

There was a lump in my throat as I went inside the Dairy Queen, sat at the counter and ordered a cup of coffee.

In less time than it seemed possible, he stood in the doorway. He wore a knit cap, a scarf, a beige car coat, boots with buckles. I wanted to run to him, throw my arms around him. Instead, I got up and held out my hand.

"Can you come back to the house?" he asked.

"I have a few hours," I said.

"Good. Let's go."

The area was flat, like the surface of an ice-covered lake. In just a few minutes we pulled into the driveway of a small, white house.

"Here we are," he said. "By the way, happy birthday. Welcome to manhood."

"You knew?"I grabbed my horn and followed him to the door.

He opened it quickly and drew me inside. Suddenly, I felt myself being crushed in a bear hug.

"I miss you so much," I said, returning the hug.

"And I miss you." He took my coat and hung it up alongside his. Then he pulled off his boots and cap.

"I think I . . . I mean I love you."

I heard a chuckle rumbling around inside his chest. Very gently, he grasped the bottom of my shirt and lifted it over my head. Then he shucked out of his. He was even more beautiful than I'd imagined, his chest and stomach thick with the same soft hair I'd seen peeking out from the shirt so many months ago. It covered his back as well. "Isn't that better?" He pulled me hard against him. "Let's go back to the bedroom," he

said.

I followed him down a carpeted hallway.

It was a small room with a double bed. Once inside, he opened my belt and unzipped my pants, shoving them down to my knees. "You're a handsome young man, Martin," he said.

I reached for his belt.

"Let me help," he said, unbuckling it and letting me open the top button of his khaki pants. "Let's get out of these," he said.

Quickly, I pulled off my clothes and laid them on a chair. When I turned back, he was nude. I'd never seen a man's cock before this. It was gorgeous, long and thick, sticking out from thickets of darker brown fur that also curled around his balls. His legs were brown and muscular. He led me to the bed.

As we lay down, I grasped the length of him. He felt soft, like velvet, but hard as stone. I scooted down on the bed and took the head of his cock into my mouth. It tasted salty and masculine and smelled faintly of sweat.

I slid my mouth further down the shaft, feeling the tip touch the back of my throat. I don't know how I sensed what to do; maybe it was some sort of instinct. But I took it even deeper till it filled my throat. I sensed at that moment that I'd become a different person, someone who for the first time ever was wanted and needed. I felt a jerking and throbbing that went on and on, filling my mouth with the sweetest liquid I'd ever tasted.

When I finished, I wanted nothing more than to lay my head on the pillow of fur on his chest. As I did, he began to caress my head and arms and back. We lay quietly like that. After a time he grasped my cock, slid down and took me into his mouth. I was young, and this was the first time I'd had sex with anyone. In ten or fifteen seconds, it was finished.

He rolled over and drew me up, my body on top of his. I lay there content, our cocks touching. Again I felt him grow hard. He laughed. "Imagine," he said, "an old man like me." He ruffled my hair. "We'd better get dressed."

We had showers and ate, and then it was time for me to leave.

***

Just before Christmas my senior year in high school, my father tried to kill me. My grandparents were visiting from Harrisburg, and Grandpa and I were talking about Billy Graham. I said he should use more money to help the poor. Grandpa disagreed.

"Stop arguing," my father said.

"We're just talking."

Suddenly, he grabbed my arm and yanked me into the dining room. He slammed me into a corner, grabbed my neck and squeezed harder and harder, pounding my head against the wall. "I told you not to argue!" he yelled.

My vision began to fade like someone's slowly shutting a gate across my eyes. I grabbed his wrists and tried to pry him away.

"Dan!" my mother screamed. She ran toward him and grabbed his arm. "For God's sake, stop! You're going to kill him."

He released me; I staggered forward, then caught my balance. I felt a ring of fire around my neck.

I ran to the kitchen, grabbed my coat from a hook by the door, shrugged into it and stumbled outside and down the steps.

I ran down Second Street and turned up the hill. By the time I got to Sixth a headache was making me ill. I decided then and there that I'd take no more.

It was just after Christmas vacation; my parents were downstairs eating breakfast. I pulled out a suitcase and stuffed in my clothes. Then I went to school. At noon I hurried to a phone booth and called Ohio.

Groups of kids walked past, talking, laughing.

"I can't stay here any more," I said, convincing him that I meant it.

That night I waited until my parents were asleep. Then I sneaked downstairs with the suitcase and my trumpet. My friend Rory waited outside to drive me to the Greyhound bus stop.

Hours later I saw Mr. Sherwood standing and waiting. He grabbed my suitcase and led me to his car. Then he reached over and squeezed my shoulder. "Are you okay?" he asked.

"Now I am," I said.

He started the motor, let the car idle. "I called them," he said. "Your folks." I felt betrayed, then realized there was no other choice. "They agreed it might be best."

I felt tears in my eyes.

"You and I will have to share the bedroom," he said. "I've only one, but, as you know, it has a double bed."

The tears became laughter. Everything was okay now. Everything.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Most of the story is true. I've disguised names and places to protect identities. But I am Martin. I met Ross Sherwood in 1952, played that very piece of music with him at his recital and learned to love him. He did, without my knowledge, talk to my parents about adopting me. I discovered this exactly the way I describe it in the story.

I never visited Ross Sherwood; I never went to live with him. That part is simple wishful thinking. The rest, unfortunately, is not. Yet the more reading I do on the subject, the more I am convinced that there are such things as parallel universes. And I can hope that in one or more of them things are different. I can hope that Martin and Ross, I and he, are together playing duets for all of our lives.

Ross Sherwood died in 1979; a part of me died then too.

CR Contributing editor, MARSH CASSADY, 58, is the distinguished author of 26 books, both fiction and nonfiction. Many of his books have been adopted into the theatre curricula at major universities. Holding a Ph.D. in theatre, he is now co-publisher of *Crazyquilt*, a mainstream literary quarterly. He lives in San Diego with his life mate, JIM KITCHEN, 73. Marsh is included in the recent biographical source book: *Contemporary Gay American Novelists*, edited by Emmanuel S. Nelson.

VIEWS OF REALITY
(Or, I Betcha Didn't Know)

by GENE WAGNER

Obviously life exists upon this planet . . . and it embraces every single plant and animal here. There are millions of forms but only the one life; each form is an integral part of each other form. In truth, Man-life is Plant-life is Animal-life is Insect-life.

Did you know, in nature there exists 92 chemical elements, but the basis for all living matter is restricted to the same 16? And of these, carbon is central due to its ability to form rings, chains and innumerable compounds. Then from these thousands of combinations a mere 20 amino acids permit the construction of all proteins; and remarkably, these in turn are governed by a code in 4, just 4, molecules called nucleotide bases. All life, any life, is written in this identical simple code, whether it be destined to become a paramecium or a pachyderm!

All living systems, no matter how simple or complex, are maintained only through energy exchanges, swapping biochemical matter with all of environment. *That* is life's little secret; the constant communication between living things and the environment, and with all things living within that environment. To exist, these are the requisites for physical life in any form.

Lest we believe the highly gadgetized U.S. reality is the norm, the template, the basis for "real" reality, let me assure you it is not. It is through our comfort-habit of convenience that the familiarity of habit dependency becomes an easy crutch, the cocoon of smug, complacent arrogance we use in our views of other's reality. Just for being outside of our accustomed experiences, or for merely being "different," in no manner indicates the inferiority, primitiveness, or an "unreal" grasp of our particular view of reality.

I will avoid odious comparisons with theological or philosophical "realities" and confine myself to documented realities outside the normal ken of our experiences. We understand so little about so many things. I betcha didn't know:

In Prague, Robert Pavlita's hobby was metallurgy. He discovered that an alloy of a particular shape had peculiar properties. With frequent handling, the alloy seemed to gather energy which would draw various items toward it. Electrostatic energy? No, because this gadget works under water and electrostatic energy does not.

Intrigued, he took it to the Hradec Kralov University's physics department, where he had them seal it in a metal box alongside a small fan driven by an electric motor. From a distance of six feet Pavlita did nothing except stare hard at his generator. Soon, as if the current had been shut off, the fan slowed down, stopped and began to rotate in the reverse direction. The university was unable to unravel the mystery.

So now there are many generators shaped like different sculptures, each possessing the same unexplained ability to store energy for a particular person, which later can be called upon to do a certain job. At this point, the government stepped in and appointed the physiologist, one Zdenek Rejdak, to work with Pavlita.

Together, they developed a donut-shaped generator which kills flies placed inside the ring. Next they made a square one that sped up the growth of bean seeds when it was placed in a pan of soil. Finally, they produced a small one which, when dropped in water polluted by factory effluent, left the water clear after a short time. An official chemical analysis determined that it could not have been purified with a chemical agent.

Apparently, the generator's secret lies in its form, which is crucial and which can produce a specified effect. Libraries around Prague have hundreds of ancient manuscripts, untranslated, written by the alchemists of old. And it is here that Pavlita said he obtained his inspiration and descriptions.

Stones found in an obscure area of Iraq, and now in the Baghdad Museum, were classified as being "ritual objects," for what, no one knew. It has now been determined, however, that they are the cores of electric batteries invented some 2,000 years before the event of Luigi Galvani in the middle 1700s. Some hunks of bronze, dated from the 6th century, B.C., were brought up from the depths off Andikithira, Greece. They are early computer components used to calculate astronomical positions.

In our realities, what we identify as consciousness are *processes* coming from the nervous system, the brain and spinal cord. In the evolutionary line, these processes are recent happenings. Before this occurred, a life form had only to recognize "self" and "non-self," "non-self" being potentially threatening to "self's" existence. In our bodies, our own allergic and immune system's reactions do precisely this by recognizing intruding substances in the body. Science now knows an enzyme function depends upon its form, and an organism's ability to recognize an antigen (an intruder) is based upon the foreign body's shape. To make a point, shapes decidedly determine your sense of smell. For example, molecular discs smell like flowers, while round ones smell like camphor and wedge-shaped discs smell like peppermint. This may make some animal's response in seeking, for example,

wasp larva buried under three inches of tree bark, somewhat less mysterious.

It's been determined that salmon return across thousands of miles to the body of water where they hatched, because of a smelling sensitivity that distinguishes that particular water from all others. Eels can detect a tiny thimbleful of rose scent diluted by 14,000 square miles of lake. The presence of female moths can be detected by male months some 30 miles away through the presence of a single molecule in her scent. Extraordinary!

A former CIA interrogation specialist, Cleve Backster, in 1966, made a startling discovery, though as far back as 1936, in India, a Dr. Bose did much the same thing with a device called a cresograph. Backster attached a polygraph to a rubber plant's leaf to see if he could detect water rising upwards through its stalk. There was no detectable reaction. Then in what to my mind is a perverse way of thinking, he decided to try the *threat-to-well-being* principle. In short, he decided to torture the rubber plant. He dunked one of the leaves in hot coffee, with no response. Then he decided to take a match to burn the leaf. At this precise moment the polygraph pen registered a dramatic upward swing on the tracing. Backster had neither moved nor touched the plant, but he wondered if somehow the plant could perceive the mere thought of the intention to inflict pain.

He experimented by bringing live brine shrimp into his office and, in an act of barbarity, dropping them, one at a time, into boiling water. Each time he did this the polygraph needle on the rubber plant would jump violently. There was no plant response when dead shrimp were put into the pot. He then brought over a philodendron, which he handled with great care. To test this plant's response, his partner, Bob Henson, was solicited to play the heavy. Eventually all he had to do to get an agitated polygraphic response from the plant was to have Henson walk into the room. Screening the plant by using lead shielding or a Faraday screen had no effect on the response. Laboratories in other areas are now engaged in similar experiments.

More recently, Backster has found similar sensitivity to other life in distress in fresh vegetables, fruits, yeast, blood, amoebae, paramecia, mold cultures and even scrapings taken from a man's mouth! Indeed, there is only one life. My source for this intriguing knowledge is *Supernature* by Dr. Lyall Watson, a biolpgist, who says, "It raises awesome biological and moral questions; since thinking about it, I for one have had to give up mowing the lawn altogether . . . " Perhaps those "primitive, savage" beliefs of our predecessors were more closely anchored in reality than our modern ones.

Fundamentally, in our reality's awareness, we survive by controlling our environment; information makes control possible. We've attempted this by using all kinds of informational assists from tossing salt over the left shoulder to chase the devil, to knocking on wood. Advance information, of course, is precognition, and we have studiously sought every variety of source, some being highly exotic. Do you know these?

They include: aeromancy, divination of cloud shapes; apantomancy, chance meetings with animals; alectryomancy, in which a bird is permitted to peck grains of corn from letters of the alphabet; capnomancy, smoke patterns rising from a fire; causimomancy, the study of objects placed in the fire; hippomancy, based on the stamping of horses; cromniomancy, finding meaning in onion sprouts; onychomancy, the patters of fingernails in the sunlight; tiromancy, a system of divination which involved cheese; and (my favorite) phyllorhodomancy, the study of sounds made by slapping rose petals against the hand. Seems we've tried everything possible through external gyrations to get a controlling hand on external sources of information regarding reality.

But when all mental pushing and shoving is finished, the safest, most productive place to look is inside ourselves. Why not seek in the root, the core, where our 20 amino acids and 4 molecular nucleotides create the very basis for our existence? Begin the search there, and know basic communication with all living things; it is communion in the rawest sense. Living "at the core," then, has totally new meaning.

This core tapping, the not relying on familiar habits, can take courage. But it will give you constantly expanding insights. On this day, the outer boundaries of mine consist of watching pelicans soar effortlessly in rooftop games and watching sunlight sparkle on the Bay of Banderas. But deep inside, in my mind and body, multiple awarenesses converge with external stimuli, permitting me to know directly much of the vibrancy of reality's aliveness. There's nothing like it.

Explore your own realities; mercilessly examine your habits down to the bone, and don't rationalize them. Remain open to everything within your life space; accept everything beneficial and become indistinguishable from reality, your own reality. It's wonderful. Enjoy.

Supernature
Hodder & Stoughton Limited, 1973
First paperback by Coronet, 1974
Sceptre edition, 1986 (an imprint of Hodder & Stoughton Paperbacks)

GENE WAGNER, a special friend and long-time supporter, is an extensively initiated and ordained Buddhist monk and founder of the American Buddhist Order. From 1972 to 1980, he was a registered nurse who chose to work with critically and terminally ill patients and their families. As a Buddhist monk and distinguished teacher, Gene has lectured throughout the world and was editor and publisher of The Bamboo Basket, *a national Buddhist magazine. Until recently, he and his partner lived in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, but they have recently moved to San Diego.*

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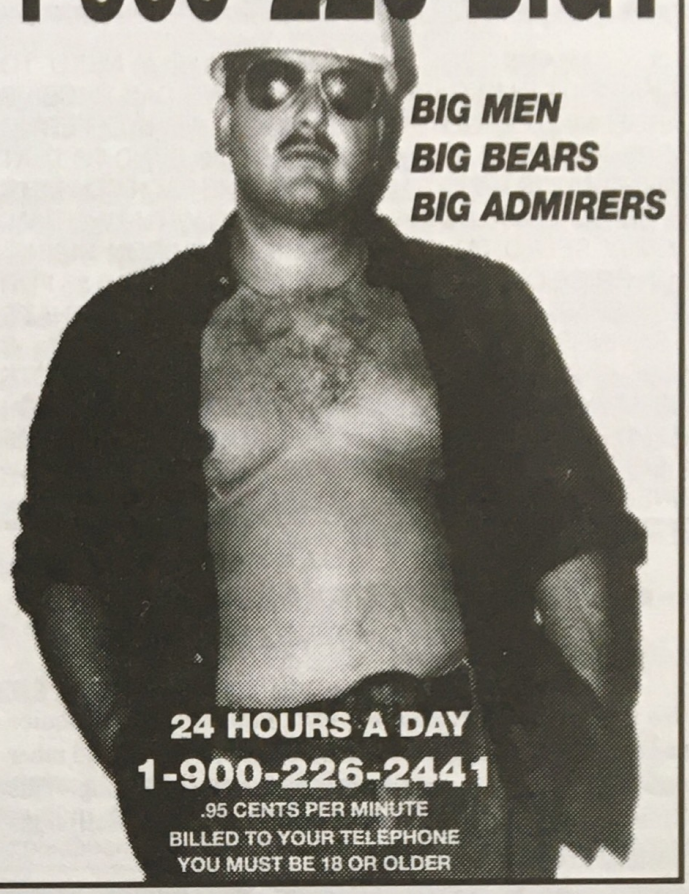

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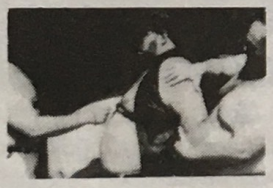

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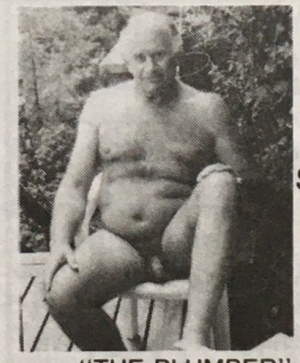

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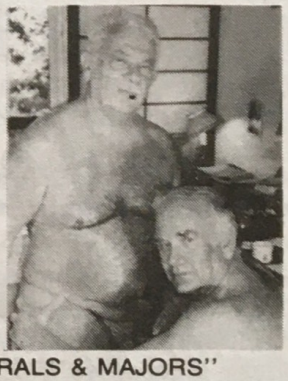

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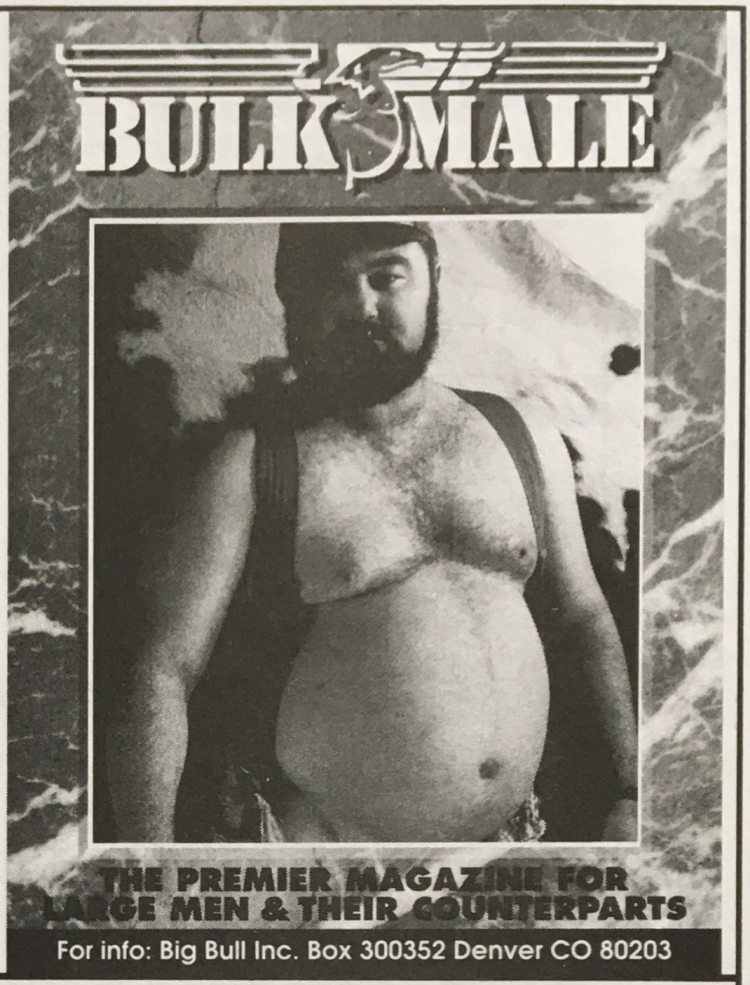

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(8/93) KNEELING HUMBLY NAKED, this quality individual, aggressive and masculine on the outside, 39, 5'-7", 165#, bi, white, married, family man, skilled, educated, versatile, somewhat submissive with a penchant for servitude and kink, comes with an open spirit and a refreshing willingness to offer all attentions, accept all advances, and follow all instructions. Not a mindless boob, but a successful original thinker, avidly seeking to develop a long-term, complete relationship where there are no sexual taboos, with a couple/single who are/is grounded, somewhat dominant, wholely aware. Write: **BARTENDER**

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(8/93) SAN FRANCISCO: GAM, 44 yrs, 5'-7", slim, attractive, affectionate, into music, quiet times, travel. I'm nonsmoker/drugs and seek caring, mature GWM for possible relationship. Please write with photo (returned) to: Tom, 537 Jones Street #2234, San Francisco, CA 94102.

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Sincere GWM, 47, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, uncut bear, mostly bottom, seeks husky/chubby guy for fun, friendship, possible relationship. I have many interests to share. Send photo to T.R., P.O. Box 15093, San Francisco, CA 94115.

(10/93) SAN FRANCISCO: City Boy will celebrate 100th birthday in 2023. Enjoy arts and entertainment, not enthusiastic about traveling. After the City, is there anyplace else? Seeking friendship, maybe more with active retirees. Write: **RICK BEWA**

(8/93) A RARE FIND IN S.F.: 22 yo GWM, gorgeous. I want a man over 60. The degree of the relationship is determined by the quality of the man. Send me a picture; I'll write you back with one of mine. Write: **RAREFIND**

(8/93) FRIENDS SAY I AM LOYAL, bedpartners give me a high rating, detractors say I am overbearing. GWM, 58, shaved head, 6 ft., 200#, nonsmoker, fur, tats, rings, 'stache, BFA, MLA, seeks gym partner, bedmate, buddy or better who has diverse interests. I read everything from *Partisan Review* and *Premiere* to *Science News* and listen to Prokofiev and Zapmomma. Enjoy travel, diving, walks, film festivals, women's philharmonic, jazz bars, museums, leather, etc. Probably what I really need is a male Alice B. Toklas, but it's negotiable. Jay Behr, 14 Joy St., San Francisco, CA 94110.

(10/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-5", 170#, nonsmoker, light drinker. Smooth skin, brown hair, HIV negative, straight acting. Like music, golf, fishing, dining, cards, travel. Looking for companion, possible life mate over 55. Prefer stocky to larger build. Note and your picture for mine to: John, 2524 Ardmore Dr., San Pablo, CA 94806.

(8/93) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: 52, 5'-10", 220#, looking for an honest, sincere life mate/partner. You enjoy gardening, quiet times, conversation, plus you are open, caring, available, loving, kind, affectionate with a good sense of humor, fun and friendship. Write N.D., P.O. Box 463, Forestville, CA 95436.

(12/93) CALIFORNIA/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 48 yrs, 6'-2", 195#, short-trimmed gray beard, silver/light brown hair, husky, brawny, living on very rural ranch/farm one hour from San Francisco. Straight forward, trustworthy, very healthy, non-drinking nonsmoking, masculine businessman. Seeking honest, younger, masculine, affectionate, stable man as long-term partner who knows and appreciates active older gay men are very hot. Hopefully likes outdoors, gardens, dogs, cows, chickens and other gentle creatures. I like farm and ranch work, business, queer and liberal politics, travel, reading and of course home and hearth. Have the flexibility to possibly relocate for the right man. Please write informative letter with pictures to David, P.O. Box 751081, Petaluma, CA 94975.

(6/94) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/ SANTA ROSA: GWM, 53, stocky, hairless, balding grey, healthy (HIV-), non-smoker/non-drinker, nudist, cut 6, big belly for daytime fun, companionship and possibly more. Write: George Mills, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(8/93) IF YOU ARE SERIOUS about forming a monogamous life partnership/best friendship, read on. I'm looking for someone with time to invest (no multiple memberships, friendships of heavily scheduled lifestyle), and the capacity for love, generosity and caring. GWM, 45, 5'-11", 160#, brown eyes, brown-gray hair/balding, masculine, very hairy, healthy, clean-shaven, well-groomed, stable, adventurous, pleasant personality. Enjoy country music, travel, outdoors, movies, reading, hobbies. We share: good values, no addictions, height/weight proportional, good sense of humor, calm/unpretentious personality, quiet life style. Please include return address with response. John, P.O. Box 4654, Foster City, CA 94404.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(10/93) SAN DIEGO: Masculine Asian, discreet, moustache, 47, 5'-9", 181#, trustworthy, calm, working retiree, HIV negative, excellent cook who enjoys travel, sports and languages, is seeking 40+, stocky to heavyset, white/Mexican for friendship and fun. Possible relationship with the right person. Uncut a plus. All replies answered. Photos/phone requested but not mandatory. Write: J.C., 3770 Vermont St. #B, San Diego, CA 92103.

(8/93) SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Local friendship. Affectionate, good-looking, trim, in-shape, furry, 67 (look 57), bright, caring, genuine, oral, 5'-6", 125#, cut. No smoke, drink. Write: B.D.L., P.O. Box 232308, Encinitas, CA 92023.

(10/93) PORTLY MEN 50/70: GWM, 60, 5'-6", 200#, wants to correspond, perhaps to meet. Don Charles, 53787 Hwy. 245, Miramonte, CA 93641.

(8/93) SANTA BARBARA: GWM, 6'-1", 170#, blue eyes, brown/gray hair, HIV-, semi-retired educator, seeking life-mate, friends, 35-65, who enjoy quiet life, travel, nature, dining, loving, home. Communication, being independent-but-together, are important. Write: Dutch, P.O. Box 30676, Santa Barbara, CA 93130.

(8/93) SAN DIEGO: GWM, 50, 5'-11", 225#, brown/brown, moustache, smooth chest, masculine, discreet, seeks masculine, imaginative men for sensual, safe fun, friendship, revealing clothes/nudity. Write and/or meet. Ed R., P.O. Box 90465, San Diego, CA 92169.

(10/93) SOUTH ORANGE COUNTY/NORTH SAN DIEGO COUNTY: I'm looking for a mature man for loving enounters. I'm 53, bi (wife unaware), 5'-8", 190#, cherub, bottom for W.S., rimming and ____ ? I am very discreet and totally safe. Let's meet. **THE RIGHT ONE**

(12/93) L.A. AREA: Cute GWM, 29, 5'-8", 135#, muscular, smooth, gymnist body and very financially secure, seeks very wealthy gentleman (over 55) for special bonding to share love and affection. Send correspondence to C.B., 8033 Sunset Blvd. #111, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

(8/93) L.A. AREA: GWM, 52, 6'-0", 230#, looking for friend to enjoy travel, sports, movies, dining and videos. Enjoy visiting CR readers on vacation trips. Write: **BIG BILL** or phone (909)-596-3612.

(8/93) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happily horny, versatile GWM wants to meet others in varying states of impotency. Stocky, friendly and hairy 61, 5'-10", 205#, talented, masculine wants you. Size and age unimportant. HIV negative a plus. I am HIV negative, French A/P. Like J/O and lots of hugging, kissing. Prefer Burbank, SFV men, masculine and warm-hearted. Write Fred, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(8/93) SAN DIEGO: Senior citizen seeks to join the life of a *senior* who is interested in birds, plants, animals and classical music. Some travel experience would be a plus. I'm abitious, nonsmoker, a sometimes social drinker and in excellent health. Write: E.M., P.O. Box 34187, San Diego, CA 92163.

CONNECTICUT

(4/94) BURLY, FURRY BEAR? GWM, 49, 6'-2", 185#, smooth, sexy bear-lover is looking for you! Jan, Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or (203) 794-0868

(8/93) NORWALK: 43, masculine, slim, smooth, endowed, 5'-10", 155#, brown/black, 'stache. Enjoy older, well-built guys, any race. Enjoy outdoors, massage, sports, people, photography. Am clean, discreet, honest and real. Letters, photos, videos, phone--let me hear from you. Muscular arms, beard or 'stache are plusses. B. Benjamin, P.O. Box 972, Norwalk, CT 06856-0972.

FLORIDA

(2/94) FT. LAUDERDALE/INTERNATIONAL: Grey-haired, chubby, affectionate, caring GWM, 62 years young, seeks lean top man, 25-55 for serious one-to-one relationship. Want someone not into bar scenes, a redhead a plus. I am a nonsmoker/drinker/drugger and seek same. Like all old-time virtues. Am endowed with sincerity, loyalty, loving, sharing, etc. I'm HIV- and desire same. Into films, music, cooking, theater, travel, antiques, psychic and spiritual pursuits, and am a licensed masseur. Call (305) 892-1426, or write to Francis E. Cianflone, 920 N.E. 129th St., N. Miami, FL 33161.

(10/93) POMPANO BEACH: GWM, 35, red hair, 5'-7", 170#, bear cub. Looking for friendships and possible relationship in future. Prefer 50+, gray hair or balding, chubby, a hairy A+. Not looking for sugar daddy. Your letter assured a response. Photo not required, but send if you wish. Write: **CARDINAL**

(8/93) FT. LAUDERDALE: Shy, lonesome, 66, 229#, 5'-10". Loves plays, movies, most music, spectator sports, reading. Introvert. Blue eyes, balding grey hair (former blond), ordinary looks. Loves travel but have limited income. College educated, retired. Loves to caress, cuddle, nudity. Moderate drinker. Do not smoke or take drugs. Never learned to cruise or easily meet people. Do better corresponding than verbal. Size not important. Have a lot of love waiting for the right someone. **OLD CODGER**

GEORGIA

(8/93) SEEKS YOUNGER MEN: GWM, 62, 5'-6 1/2", 245#, chubby and cuddly, wishes to meet all races, legal to 30 years old. Prefers Asians, blacks and Hispanics, but all are welcome. Travel extensively. No place in the world too far. Photo a must. Write: **GEORGIA PEACH**

MASSACHUSETTS

(8/93) CHEST TO CHEST/CHEEK TO CHEEK: GWM, 43, 5'-11", 180#, mustache, healthy, hairy, balding, good body, good mind, wants to meet mature men for warm, long relationships. Let's share each other. Penpals from anywhere welcome. Write: Dick, P.O. Box 756, Reading, MA 01867-0405.

(8/93) NATIONWIDE - FATHER AND SON combination--agewise, not biological--wanted for friendship and good times by professional, educated, discreet couple in mid-60s. Write: **TWIN LIGHTS**

(10/93) BOSTON: Are you a younger man who likes older? Let's talk, correspond, meet. I'm 63, 5'-9", 205#, HIV negative, employed engineer, content with single life, but feel that it would be more fun to share. Prefer men legal to 40 years, on the lean side, not using drugs or tobacco. Any skin color fine. Dark hair, smiles and flashing eyes turn me on. Since I'm a father and grandfather, my experience with family life should make me a good companion. Photo gets mine. Write: **BOSTON BILL**

MICHIGAN

(8/93) CENTRAL MICHIGAN: 44-year-old, 175#, 6 feet, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise-type who enjoys exercise and music, would like to meet masculine type for dating and possible relationship. Call (517) 372-6895.

(8/93) S.W. MICHIGAN: GWM, 37, 5'-10", 200#, brown/brown, moustache, hairy, French A/P, J/O. Relationshp oriented to age 50. Varied interests. Write: **COAST**

MISSISSIPPI

(8/93) WANTED: Fat, older gentlemen for companionship and some sex. I'm 66, still active, uncut, and trim. Enjoy dogs, gardening, writing. Photo and phone. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MINNESOTA

(10/93) SOMEONE'S THERE: GWM, 51, 6'-0", 200#, balding, moustache, drink/drug-free, nonsmoker, seeks new friendships and lasting relationship. Hairy men a plus but not necessary. Let's exchange info about ourselves. Penpals welcome. Answer all, but photo gets first response. Write: W. Peppel, 9593 Anderson Lakes Pkwy #173, Eden Prairie, MN 55344.

MISSOURI

(10/93) MIDWEST/NATIONWIDE: WM, 6'-0", 200#, brown/blue-green, masculine, assertive but gentle, sensual, minimum body hair, HIV-, healthy, uncut 6", secure, educated, professional, very discreet, retired, independent, lives alone. Seeks college students up to 70. Photo appreciated with letter. Write: Joe, P.O. Box 9931, St. Louis, MO 63122.

(8/93) MISSOURI/MIDWEST: W/M, 77, 5'-8", 175#, healthy, clean-shaven and smooth. Seeking younger, able, active, down-to-earth top. Enjoy nature, camping, fishing, birding and trailer travel. Your photo gets mine. A. Rulon, P.O. Box 15823, St. Louis, MO 63114.

(8/93) ST. LOUIS: WM, 32, very tall, passive/mutual, fiery, tender. Seeks daddy type for guidance, comfort and passion. Willing to experiment, expand. Pen pals welcome. John, Box 137, 3203 S. Grand, St. Louis, MO 63118.

NEVADA

(8/93) RENO: 55, 6'-0", 220#, beard, white, masculine, 6" cut, HIV negative, nonsmoker, seeks: life mate and occasional visitor. I enjoy: sex, blues, baseball, fishing, nature, nudity, walking, and travel. I follow the sun; north in summer, south in winter. Write: **BLACKJACK**

NEW HAMPSHIRE

(8/93) NEW HAMPSHIRE: 55, 6'-2", 200#, trim (works out 3 to 4 times per week at Gold's Gym), healthy, independent, responsible, loving, old fashioned top living in N.H., seeking younger (20+) men who are also trim and may enjoy the beach, the arts and the theatre. See photo in Issue 57. Write: **FRENCHY**

NEW JERSEY

(10/93) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 64, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends.

(10/93) NEW JERSEY: South Jersey GWM, 36, 5'-9", 170#, bald, moustache, hairy chest and legs, HIV negative, athletic, masculine, educated, nonsmoker, with a great sense of humor. Seek masculine, aggressive Daddy, 45+ for relationship. Looks not as important as attitude. You should be HIV- and versatile in and out of bed. Send letter and photo to: **HIRSUTE**

NEW YORK

(10/93) NEW YORK/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Seeking 45+ top man. Me: 44-year-old Italian, bottom, hairy, moustache, 190#, 5'-11", service-oriented, looking to please mature, masculine top man with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Masculine, powerful, positive attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO**

(8/93) USED FRENCH SEAT, 66 years old. Classic tongue-in-groove construction for thorough satisfaction. Multifunction model fully services rear, front, feet. Looks, endowment, not important. Relaxed and naturally selfish, clean, white male, any age over 50 appreciated. **CHAIR-MAN**

(10/93) NEW YORK/TRI-STATE AREA: Long Island professional, 37, 6 feet, 175#, conservative, clean-cut, clean-shaven, healthy, masculine and trim, seeks friendship and possible relationship with bi or GWM professional, 45-60, who is also conservative in appearance, trim, clean-shaven, masculine and discreet. I am sincere, enjoy sports, movies and quiet times, and am not at all into the "gay scene," bars or anything kinky. Please send letter, photograph (or photostat--either will be returned upon request) and phone. Write: **ESQUIRE**

(8/93) AFFECTIONATE, FURRY GWM, 45, 5'-9", 175#, enjoys making new friends with mutually affectionate, 55+ cuddler and kisser, smooth-bodied (preferred). We both enjoy sharing theatre, movies, dining, travel, slow and gentle massage, walks, talks, music and dancing. A fellow New Yorker for close friend/relationship is ideal, but I enjoy making new friends from all over, too. Write: **CUDDLY FRIEND**

(8/93) SEEKS TOP: GWM, 32, small build, 125#, 5'-4", HIV+ (healthy), submissive, a pure bottom, seeks aggressive, 40+ man who knows where I belong, yet can comfort me when

needed and earned. Write: **B-BOY** or call (716) 743-1853.

(8/93) VISITING NYC? Make this Daddy your first stop. 65, 6 ft., 180#, blue/gray, hairy chest, hot nipples, dentured, affable, easygoing. Love orally servicing front/rear, water sports, kinks. Prefer big, husky, rugged men. Free daytimes. Located Midtown Manhattan. Write: R.C.R., Box 3084, New York, NY 10163, or call (212) 684-3582.

NORTH CAROLINA

(8/93) NORTH CAROLINA: GWM, 35 yrs, 185#, 5'-9", HIV negative, blond hair, blue eyes. Enjoys: Indoor and outdoor activities, movies, games, computers, photography, lots of sex and travel. No drugs, mild drink, smoke okay. I'm gentle, very masculine and good-looking. Call anytime, anyday: Michael, (919) 754-4535.

OHIO

(8/93) NATIONWIDE: GWM Daddy, 44, 5'-4", 190#, seeks young friends, penpals or son types, age 18-49, interested in a non-relationship Dad in your life. Have many interests and much to offer. I am sincere, passionate, caring, and loving. Send letter with possible photo to H.P.S., P.O. Box 99306, Cleveland, OH 44199.

(12/93) DAYTON/SW OHIO: GBM, 52, 5'-9", solid 190#, café au lait complexion, brown/brown. Professional communicator. Many interests: sports, the arts, reading, history, music, "hot" tapes. Strong arms to hold a 50+ guy who's stable, secure with himself and who appreciates sensual, caring lovemaking. I'm sexually versatile--safely. Please, no kink, mind games or photo collectors. Will exchange letters and photos; discretion assured. To a special guy out there: let's join in a special bond--mind-to-mind, heart-to-hear, etc. Write: STRAC, 8599 Towson Blvd., Miamisburg, OH 45342.

PENNSYLVANIA

(8/93) NE PENNSYLVANIA: I'm a professional in my middle-youth (late 50s), 5'-10", 175#, graying with brown eyes--looking for my last gasp-of-eros, a slim, masculine, solvent man who would like to share my 3-bedroom, 1-1/2 bath chalet with fireplace, cathedral ceilings, large deck in woods of all-season resort area of Pennsylvania, two hours drive from my New York apartment with skyline view. Write: **SMILING-THRU**

TEXAS

(10/93) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 47, stocky, nice-looking, seeks French active/passive or J/O with masculine men, late 50s up - no limit! Especially like white hair and/or mustaches and beards. HIV negative. Photo appreciated. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

VIRGINIA

(8/93) VIRGINIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 57, 120#, 5'-7-1/2", endowed, HIV-, retired, financially secure, lives alone, assures discreet privacy, safe sex only. I am outgoing, affectionate, literate, and sincere, with wide interests in arts, antiques, music, travel, reading and needlepoint. I seek distinguished, physically fit, 75-year-plus, white-haired gentleman with whom personal hygiene is paramount, and who desires initial, frank, honest correspondence with the prospect of developing an affectionate friendship having potential for long-term, monogamous, loving, intimate relationship. All letters with photo (dressed or nude OK) get mine. Write or call: Bob Boone, 2819 Leeds Ct., Chesapeake, VA 23321. Phone (804) 483-8941.

(8/93) VIRGINIA: Bi, white, married male, wife unaware, 59, 6'-1", 195#, well hung. Previously top only, but now desire to provide complete French to clean, healthy in Richmond area only. WS, rim also available. Race, age unimportant. Call weekday, 7 am to 3 pm: (804) 370-0153. "Doc"

WASHINGTON

(10/93) NATIONWIDE GM WANTED: GWM, 59, 5'-10",230#, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, a bit furry. Sense of humor requested. Looking for lifemate. Enjoy travel, theatre, cuddling. Must have own income. Straight-acting son wanted. Jim, P.O. Box 241, Montesano, WA 98563.

(8/93) YOUNGER SEEKS OLDER - NATIONWIDE: Attractive, healthy WM, 38, 6 ft., 180#, very turned on by sexually active, masculine men over 60. Pluses: husky, uncut, balding or Daddy types. Respond with photo to: Bridwell, 1104 E. Fir, Seattle, WA 98122.

(12/93) WASHINGTON 50-YEAR-OLD PARAPLEGIC: seeks sensitive, intelligent, clean-neat correspondent between the ages of 20 and 55, with no addictive habits. Area of interest is southwestern Washington State. Centralia/Chehalis area preferred, but Raymond/South Bend also okay. Write: **WHEELS**

(12/93) DAD SEEKS SON/PARTNER who is mature, fun loving, self-sufficient, willing to follow but sometimes lead, and wants a long-term relationship. I'm 56, 6'-1", 210#, bearded, hairy, aggressive, affectionate, enjoy travel, skiing, sailing, hiking, friends, quiet times and home. Seek a son/partner to build and share life with. SAM, P.O. Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206, or call (206) 292-1096.

INTERNATIONAL

(Postal rates for not more than 1/2 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .35; Other: .50. For not more than 1 oz: Canada: .40; Mexico: .45; Other: .95.)

(8/93) SWITZERLAND: GWM, attractive 39-year-old top chaser. 6 ft, 182 lbs, 7-1/2", Greek active and French passive, looking for Big Bottom Bears, any age, size, race. No S & M. Exchange correspondence and possible visits. Interests: sex, videos, opera, music, theatre and movies. Write to: Pierre Gagneux, P.O. Box 28, 1822 Chernex/Montreux, SWITZERLAND.

(8/93) VANCOUVER: 70, 6'-2", 185#, grey hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travel, bridge and opera. Write: Hirondelle, #281, 1755 Robson St., Vancouver, V6G 3B7, CANADA

(10/93) BEARHUNTER & DADSUCKER: Looking for major horny, handsome and mega-hairy (grey preferred) Dad. No slave and master scenes. I'm into romance and long cuddle times. Son, 27, 179 cm, 70 kg, grey-blue hungry eyes, thin dark blond hair, hung 19 cm by 5 cm, hairy--with a lot of juice from the crown jewels that's waiting for you. Write: Martin Althoff, Leversum 2, 4710 Lüdinghausen, GERMANY

(8/93) HIGHLANDER: Scottish Laddie, 25, 175#, 5'-11", redhead, blue eyes, HIV negative, seeks contact with GWM, 55+, especially FLORES lookalikes. I will be travelling around USA on November/December/January 93/94, so any accommodation offered would be gratefully received, as I am limited by a small budget. A.L.A.W.P. Please reply to: **THE ROVER**

[PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Please make sure you fit an

advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for. On the other hand, if you do fit the description and the advertiser ignores your letter, consider him a loser and write someone else. If the advertiser refuses to return photos, please let us know.]

CLASSIFIED COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

VIDEOS

(8/93) Private collector selling VHS male videos from mid-80s. Also, classic 8 mm loops from early 70s. Lists: $1.00. Write to: Sale, Box 172, Pequannock, NJ 07440. (Note: Seller is a subscriber.)

PUBLICATIONS

(8/94) Turned off by washboard stomach, bubble-butt fiction posing as the real thing? If down-to-earth truth turns you on, send for this little amateur magazine of true male sex experiences from correspondents around the world. $3.00 each, Nos. 1 and 2. RANCH, P.O. Box 44871, Phoenix, AZ 85064-4871. State that you are over 21. Cash okay. (Note: Publisher is a subscriber.)

PSYCHOTHERAPY

(2/94) John J. McNeill, PhD, gay-identified psychotherapist. Twenty-five years experience. Individual, group and couples therapy. Fees on sliding scale. 38 Front St., Binghamton, NY 13905. (607) 467-5391

EMPLOYMENT

(2/94) PERMANENT CARETAKER SOUGHT: By senior couple in the California High Desert above Palm Springs. Seeking: Retired man, nonsmoker/drugger, 60 or over, strong and in good health. Duties: Oversee large, spectacular duplex house on 80-acre canyon property and care for dogs and plants while owners are traveling extensively. Payment: Free lodging in the form of exclusive use of the entire downstairs unit. Owners will pay an agreed-to hourly rate for repair work to house, grounds or duties above and beyond routine caretaking. References will be required. Contact: Earl Sharp, 53167 - 29 Palms Highway, Morongo Valley, CA 92256.

RENTALS

(2/94) FOR RENT IN LOS ANGELES: Single, compact, luxury apartment, ready for occupancy. Fully furnished, if desired, and suitable for a fixed-income person: all utilities included and within walking distance from shopping. Includes complete Pullman kitchen with pots, china and cutlery; tiles, full-sized bathroom; small, private patio with view of green hills. Located in a turn-of-the-century townhouse with stained glass, crystal lamps and potted plants. Besides normal year-round living capacity, it can be used as: 1) a getaway pad for trysting, away from the little woman; 2) a working weekday lodging to cut commuting time to suburbia; 3) a California satellite office for an out-of-state small business; and 4) a writer's hideaway, free from distractions and family. Monthly rent with lease option: $495.00. First, last, deposit with references. For further information call (213) 254-0592.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS FOR MATURE MEN

(NOTE: Some of the following welcome younger admirers of mature men. Inquire about age requirements.)

PRIME TIMERS INTERNATIONAL, P.O. Box 436, Manchaca, TX 78652 (512) 282-2861. Clubs are located in major U.S. cities, Canada and Australia. Call or write for the club nearest you.

S.A.G.E., 208 W. 13th St., New York, NY 10011. (212) 741-2247. Senior Action in a Gay Envirnment, Inc., is a social services organization for senior gays and lesbians. This group does a lot of charity work for needy, elderly gay and lesbian citizens.

S.A.G.E. OF CALIFORNIA, INC., P.O. Box 4071, San Diego, CA 92164. (619) 282-1395. A social and support organization for senior gays and lesbians. Not affiliated with SAGE of New York.

PHOENIX, P.O. Box 103, Wallington, Surrey SM6 9SJ, ENGLAND. A social and support organization for senior men in Great Britain.

NISSE - SENIORPROJECT, P.O. Box 45090 - RFSL, S-104 30 Stockholm, SWEDEN. Social and support group for Scandanavian men called *"Senior-groupe."*

VINTAGE MEN, 11/7, McGrath Court, Richmond, Victoria 3021, AUSTRALIA - Tel (03) 428-0491. Social and support group for senior Australian men.

SENIORMÄNNENS KLUBB, c/o SETA rf, Box 55, 00531 Helsinki, FINLAND. A social and support group for senior Finnish men.

SONOMA BARES, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439. A gay male nudist club for senior men and their admirers interested in total nudism.

ARTWORK FOR SALE

THE ARTWORK OF DAVID - Original artwork for sale to benefit AIDS projects. Inquiries Box 70025, Houston, TX 77270-0025.

UNUSUAL ARTWORK - original paintings of nude men of color and Bigmen. Write: KEMUSH c/o CR.

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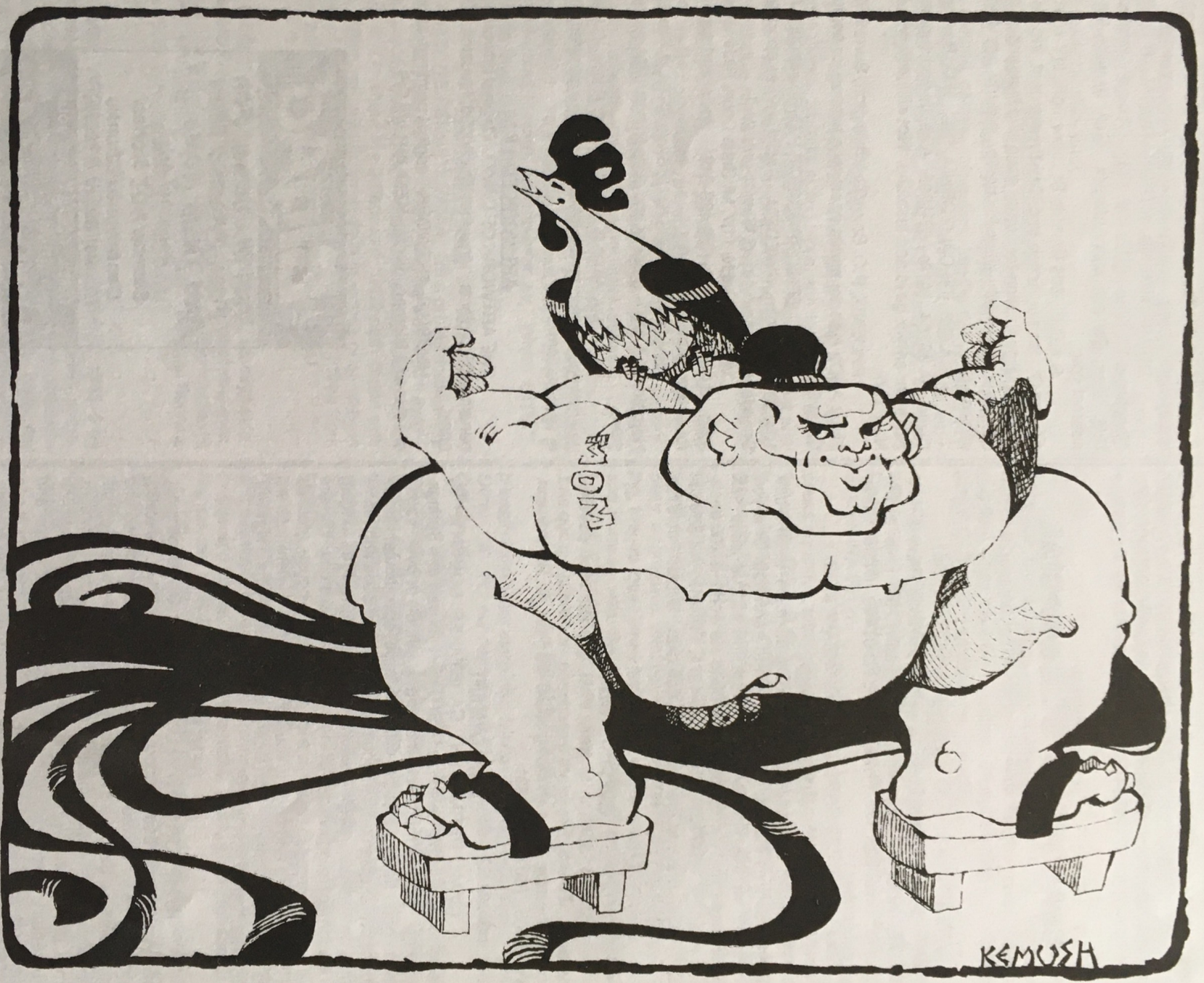
THE FRACTURED MYTHOLOGY OF KEMUSH



Zeus as Kukureeku the Rooster. Zeus, ever urbane, has always had a taste for Oriental dishes, so spotting Sumi in all his squat glory was too much not to zoom in on as Japan's prized treasures: one of a breed of fancy roosters grown for centuries for their plummy tails that go on forever. So we see them here in splendid contrast--massive Sumo bulk coupled with the avian beauty of Zeus as cock.

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, BACK ISSUES AND CLASSIFIED ADS

NO ORDERING FORMS ARE NECESSARY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS DROP US A NOTE AND TELL US WHAT YOU WANT FROM THE FOLLOWING LIST:

SUBSCRIPTIONS	NO. AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
8 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR and two semiannual issues of CR CLASSICS.	$50.00	$66.00
6 ISSUES - six bimonthly issues of CR only.	38.00	50.00
4 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR and one semiannual issue of CR CLASSICS.	26.00	35.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR only.	20.00	26.00

CR - REGULAR BACK ISSUES	NO. AMERICA	S.A. & EUROPE EXCEPT U.K.	U.K. & ELSEWHERE
'92/93: #48, #50, #51, #52, #54, #55	1.50	3.00	4.00
'93: #56	3.00	6.00	7.00
CR CLASSICS - SEMIANNUAL SPECIAL ISSUES			
#1 - FALL/WINTER 92/93 (REDEMPTION . . .)	5.00	7.00	8.00
#2 - SPRING/SUMMER 93 (SWIMMING . . .)	8.00	10.00	11.00

NOTE: We are not responsible for confiscation by customs officials. The above prices include postage, taxes and handling. All issues are mailed via First Class mail in the U.S. and via Printed Matter Air Mail elsewhere (except Japan, Great Britain and New Zealand, which are mailed via Air Mail Correspondence rate).

IMPORTANT: SIGN A STATMENT THAT YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE AND SEND YOUR ORDER NOTE TO OUR ADDRESS AS NOTED BELOW.

CLASSIFIED ADS

NOTE: WE MUST RECEIVE YOUR AD FOR ISSUE #58(OCT 93) NO LATER THAN AUGUST15, 1993

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or print your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.
2. Multiply the number of words by 30 cents and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.
3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)* , you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.
4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER".

YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE.

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION.

YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (money order only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. Send cash at your own risk; it should be mailed well-disguised via certified mail. Mail to CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. [4864Luna, Phelan]

THE GATHERING IN ORLANDO

I went to the gathering thinking, "Yeah! Party! Orgy!" It didn't quite turn out that way (not that I was virginal!). What did happen was meeting an incredibly diverse group and attending the banquet with Chuck Schwartz's, Woody Baldwin's and John McNeill's fantastic, funny, motivating speeches. There was such a warm feeling of solidarity during those three speeches. What affected me the most, though, was something exactly four older men said to me at different times. I've seen similar themes in your FORUM section, but living here in the L.A. Babylon makes you kind of deaf to things sometimes. The first one said it and I smiled. When the second said it, I questioned him. By the time the fourth told me the same thing with utter conviction, it had begun to resonate in my head, and I couldn't shake it. I really wanted to express this to you late Sunday afternoon in the hotel lobby, but I was afraid I'd fall apart. They told me that CR "has completely changed my life." Your little enterprise has turned into something pretty wonderful. Keep on changing lives, and thanks for the moon shot (page 8, #56). Boy, are you gonna get a lot of mail. Les/L.A.

A thousand thanks for the experience of the Orlando CR GATHERING. We had no idea what to expect and must confess that we had some serious questions about what would actually happen in such a situation. To say that it exceeded anything we though or dreamed is an understatement. Superlatives fail, so just . . . thanks. As Casey and I left Orlando, we realized just how unique the experience had been. We tried to think of anyone with whom we could share the joys, the feelings, but we were hard-pressed to think of even a few who would be able to fathom the experience. And we also knew that we would be returning to the "real world" with a vengeance. Both Casey and I know how fortunate we are in having one another with whom to share the experience and the aftermath. On Monday evening we received a call from one of the new friends we made there, and our hearts went out to him. He'd taken his friend to the airport, let him out, and then headed for home—ALONE. He told of the feelings of loneliness, of separation, of grief that washed over him as he went on his solitary way. We hope we will be able to get together with him on Sunday so we can bring some of the Orlando feeling back into his life. And we received another call Tuesday, telling us of some of the same feelings, affection, physical closeness and sharing which was abruptly interrupted as all of us returned to that "real world." One thing that made a tremendous impression on us was the response of so many guys to the "Jenny Jones Show" about intergenerational gay relationships. We knew we were taking a risk when we agreed to appear on the show, but the response from the Orlando group made us realize just how much was accomplished because of it. We'd not realized that we'd become spokespersons. The CR guys told of major positive changes in their lives because of the show. Families were brought back together; men learned to accept themselves and get on with their lives. There were more inspiring stories than we could relate here. We hope that there will be another gathering soon. It will be hard to top this one. Love. GENTLE BEN and CASEY/Florida

Just a note of thanks for the wonderful weekend you provided for us at the GATHERING in Orlando. Dave and I are getting back into the swing of things here and, believe me, it's hard to get back to the grind after such a fantastic vacation. Both of us were so thoroughly impressed by the quality people we met during those four days. It's almost too much for words to describe. Whenever you bring together close to 300 people for whatever reason, the outcome can vary from group to group. But not with the CR guys. These people were nothing but CLASS, all the way! The banquet on Saturday, the guest speakers (C.J., WOODY and JACK) and the brunch on Sunday came off without a hitch and were simply superb! Without the generosity and kindness of people like these, the trip would have been impossible for us at this time, but CR friends came through and we were able to attend. For that, Dave and I will always be grateful. To all our friends (both old and new), we love you and miss you already. We look forward to being together again, whether it is here at "The House of a Thousand Flowers," the next gathering, or through the pages of CR. All our best to you, Bruce and the entire CR family. PAPA and BABY BEAR/ Northern California

The Gathering was absolutely fantastic. Once again the men of CR demonstrated what they are: mature, civilized gentlemen. I found the staff at Twin Towers consistently courteous and helpful. They deserve a thank-you letter. Other than hearing of one alleged remark from a young straight male hotel guest ("Goodnight, girls"), I didn't feel any aversion to the group from anyone. I'm not one for cocktail chatter, long dinners and after dinner speeches, but the time just flew. It was difficult to realize that five hours had been spent that evening. The edibles were more than enough and delicious. With such a crowd it was difficult to get too many drinks—a decided plus. Sunday evening, about twenty of the diehards had a rather impromptu dinner at the hotel. Again, it was delightful and totally ruined all the promises my roommate and I had made to retire early because of our departure times. So I arrived home quite tired and with a shitty grin, but damn, it was worth it. The only complaint: too many wonderful people and too little time. With everything else you two had to contend with, you did an outstanding job of organizing this. Both of you deserve a big hug and thank you. Only problem now is how will you top this next year? Love. FLORES/Northern California

I just now returned from Orlando, and all I can say is THANK YOU. It was without a doubt the single best vacation I've ever been on. One walk around the pool Friday afternoon, I actually thought I had died and gone to heaven. In my opinion,

the 1993 Gathering was a complete success. The cocktail party and banquet were pulled off with perfection. The speakers were intelligent, humorous, and very much in touch with the seniors and the young men who admire and love them in our community. They made me feel proud to be a younger gay male who will always enjoy the company of an older man. Along with my new good friends, Labrador (FORUM, Issue #56) and his lover, we met and photographed most if not all of our favorite models. Everyone was so warm and open that it was as if we'd known each other for years. I would just like to thank you wonderful people for doing the things you do and publishing a magazine which is, in my opinion, the best publication on the market today. If I could, I would like to thank JOHN McNEILL, HORNED TOAD, BABY & PAPA BEARS, SANTA BOB, JIM, LEN, EBB, SAMMY, and the countless new friends I made over this glorious weekend, with a special thanks to FLORES, one hell of a nice gentleman. One last thank you goes out to BAY AREA TOP for giving me a lump not only in my pants, but one in my throat, which rendered me speechless every time I passed him. Maybe next time. Although I've been a subscriber for less than a year, I enjoy your magazine to the fullest and wish you continued success. LONG ISLANDER

We'd like to express sincere thanks and appreciation for making possible such a wonderful Gathering of these beautiful men. We have both enjoyed the time of our lives and found new friends. This we will remember and savor for a long, long time. We thank you again and again and again. MICHAEL OF GERMANY and HORNED TOAD.

You boys really outdid yourselves and pulled off a happening that no one will ever forget. Pat, your facial expressions said it all: Well, I did all I could, now let the chips fall where they may. *I'll wager you were quite surprised and very relieved when everything worked out without a hitch. The party was an eye-opener for all the hotel employees, the other hotel guests, and especially the large group from the church revival going on in the huge exhibit hall next door to your cocktail party. I got a big kick out of watching them during their cigarette breaks in the shared hallway, gawking into the ballroom at the sight of 300 spectacular-looking, unintimidated men having a lot of fun and being openly affectionate—being THEMSELVES. I especially enjoyed the infamous Room 1627's nonstop nude party and got a kick out of the wild time at the Parliament House, where a groupie party was going on in full swing. Those who didn't want to pay the registration fee and stay at the TT hung out at the PH so they could gawk at the CR models who went over Friday night and after the banquet on Saturday night. In essence, the Gathering was attended by well over 500 men, 300 of which participated in the TT festivities. I admire you for having enough faith in our behavior to not tell the hotel the sexual nature of our group. I like your comment: "I told them we were a fraternal organization, which is the truth." Had you told any of the bidding hotels that we are a gay/bisexual group, none would have wanted us, and you would have been forced to opt for a disastrous alternative. But that wasn't the case, thank God, and we were able to proudly indulge in a function befitting a class organization like CR. I think we also altered some views on sexual diversity. Those straight couples around the pool have never seen men like us on the evening news. I know the waitresses loved us, and I think that even some of the holy rollers did, too. Granted, I saw a couple of younger punks grinning at all the open affection, but they kept their mouths shut. Was it the sobering sight of giants like GENTLE BEN, BABY BEAR, SWEDE and about twenty other brawny hunks who've not yet been featured in CR? I think so. I'm so proud to be part of CR! Closeted in Ft. Lahdedah.*

Awesome, awesome! I felt like a teenager at the Gathering, at 53, younger than many. I was so glad to see the beautiful men. What a turnout it was! You should both be very happy and proud of what you have started, and we all hope it to be an annual event. Love, BAMA/Virginia

I came to believe that I was no longer attractive; that is, too old, paunchy and balding to find another lover. This was in spite of the fact that I'd subscribed to your original publication SWAN for some time before these events, and had some evidence that there might be hope for me. When I read about the 1992 Gathering, it sounded fun, but I doubted that I could have fit in. Then came the announcement for the 1993 party and I decided to go. It was time to test the possibilities. I did, too, with wonderful results. All the guys I met were so friendly. No cliques or exclusivity. No bitching. Lots of smiles. Also lust. Older guys came on to me. Younger guys came on to me. It was like I was a little boy in a candy store. Guys who took an interest in me were quite direct. The ones I was interested in accepted my admiration as a compliment and were quite nice about it, even if they didn't return the same interest. I had safer sex with bright and interesting and beautiful men (yes, more than one). I 'd had no sex with another person for almost five years. What a joy! It's too soon to know if I may also have found a lover, but it is certain that I now have some new and wonderful acquaintances in several parts of the country. Now I, like many others, owe you many, many thanks for your hard work to bring all of this about. I know that it wasn't easy for you or Bruce. You, Bruce, the staff, the contributors, the models—I thank you all for the work you are doing for older men and those of any age who like older men. Many of us are very appreciative for that. Thanks again. BOSTON BILL/Boston

They came from near and far to converge in Orlando. A crusade, perhaps. With jubilant and joyful minds, men by the hundreds, couples and singles, young and old, showed up. Coming from often isolated and lonely lives in their home environment, be it a city block or a village, the CR readers could for a weekend immerse themselves in a spiritual and physical sea of fraternity and friendship, camaraderie and companionship. Despite the presence of a "mixed crowd," the participants felt at ease because they were surrounded by equals in great numbers. All spoke the same language, all had common interests, and the generation gaps were a plus. Some readers could prove to themselves and the outside world that masculine, virile and handsome gentlemen in their fifties through nineties,

tall or short, portly or not, bearded or not, hairy or not, have lots of charm, have lots to give, and they are in demand. The Gathering was enhanced by equally charming, often athletic, participants aged 21 to 50. They are the admirers, but also the ones admired, and they are the ones who bridge the generations. They proved that there are many more shades of the human mind, especially in the male U.S. senior citizen, than AARP and its Modern Maturity want us to believe. The Gathering turned into an event of spiritual retreat. The banquet hummed with the sounds of conviviality and happiness. The warm and humorous speakers lifted the already high spirits to a level that is usually thought to be reserved only for religious mass events. Lines formed to thank the speakers. When hundreds of men talk, you hear them, even when the tones are compassionate and cordial. No one crawled on the floor, no one spoke in tongues, but there was some hugging, and the night was young. Maybe one day, permanent social retreat centers will form to render tranquility and togetherness to the CR reader and perhaps to all those mature men who enjoy the special treat and friendship that only the male homosexual can offer—not because of his "orientation" or "choice" but because he was designed that way. Thank you, dear CR reader. Thank you for attending the CR Gathering. Thank you for letting us enjoy your unique and beautiful qualities, be it in the form of photographic or artistic or literary contributions or just you, pictured the way you are, just you, shown the way you once arrived. Thank you, Pat and Bruce, for yet another initiative to strengthen the bonds in the CR Movement, for the endless hours spent to make the Gathering a flawless event. THE VIKING/Washington, DC

I am a 49-year-old gay male who has led a sheltered but not closeted existence. Throughout my life, I've often been keenly ridiculed by other gay males for my exclusive interest in the mature, adult male. As if being reared by "bible banging bigots" wasn't deprecating and alienating enough, I suffered chastisement and outright condemnation from the gay world too! Somehow, in the depths of my spirit, I knew that this love I held in my heart was not wrong whatsoever, and although I was often besieged from both the straight and gay worlds, I held fast to my convictions and refused to live my life through someone else's desires and expectations. It would be impossible for you to fully imagine what an exhilarating release I experienced by attending the 93 Gathering. It was a virtual transformation of my mind and my spirit. The reaffirmation I underwent is undoubtedly the very most stunning and pivotal thing to occur within my life. Yes, I am both transformed and transfixed. The transfixion comes from the array of mementoes spread out before me: spent baggage and flight checks; a book of matches with the name Twin Towers Convention Center emblazoned across them; names, addresses, phone numbers hastily scrawled upon available paper; a blizzard of thank-you's and letters now wending their way across the continent. All of this exists as tangible evidence that I did in fact attend the Gathering. Yet, my mind still stubbornly refuses to chronologically catalog these events, preferring instead "flashback reviews." I close my eyes and am instantly enveloped in love. I'm sitting beside BIG PAW and laughing uncontrollably at this man's outlandish humor; I remember GENTLE BEN's big hand upon my shoulder and gazing up into those incredible eyes; I can feel GEORGIA EDDIE's muscular arm around my waist and shudder as I again see his bewildering smile; I'm sitting at the knee of "Jim," hearing life's stories of love lost and a greater love gained; and a thousand, thousand other things . . . . For those who didn't attend, these disconnected and fragmented images would be difficult to properly appraise and discarded as meaningless. Those who shared in attendance know full well how potent and emotionally powerful these things are, for doubtless, they have their own treasured memories. My life was transformed by simply introducing myself to the men who make up the brotherhood of CR and being warmly welcomed into this great family of inestimable love and comradeship. Now I know that I am neither alone, nor am I unloved, and those facts leave me quavering in joy unending. I wish that I could have had the pleasure of sitting with you and Bruce and really getting acquainted. However, I am sure all there would have had the same wish. After all the hard work, you of all people needed the release the most, so I didn't force myself upon you. I feel fortunate just to have held your hand and looked into your eyes and thanked you! Call me Florence Nightingale, but each evening I would go down to the pool area and purposefully seek out those men who were standing in the back of the crowd, or off to themselves. Although I greatly enjoyed being with the "Stars" of CR, it was these men whom I drew the greatest sustenance from. To sit with them, share with them, laugh with them, and yes, even hold them while they cried . . . these are the memories I cherish the most. Each of us has such a poignant life story. To struggle against all odds, armed only with love . . . this is what CR is all about! F.L./Missouri

And this is only a drop in the bucket. We got letters we couldn't even print. Two men wrote of a rather prominent hotel employee who actually came out to some of our guys! Other letters were just too personal for international exposure. Then we had the sexual aspect. I mean, some of these guys were Olympians! One guy turned into a satyr after having been celibate for half his life. Another had sex eight times after having prostate surgery only three weeks prior to the gathering. His doctor would have fainted! The mail continues to come in (along with photos, which will be presented as soon as we can figure out who is who and get releases), and a lot of people are begging for more, more, more. Well, we were quite moved by the results of the Orlando bash and have decided that you men are worth more, more, more (see GATHERING PLANS FOR 1994 on next page).

The Orlando experience opened our eyes to some very interesting facts of life:

1. Contrary to popular gay opinion, no "gay" resort, motel or cruise ship is capable of providing services of the quality and magnitude we will require for our Gatherings. I advise the two men who complained of having to endure the presence of straights that there is absolutely no way we can hold these things in an exclusively gay environment. We should also beware of

becoming heterophobic.

2. Showing non-sexual affection in front of the hotel staff and other guests didn't cause much of a stir. On the contrary, it probably destroyed some long-held negative stereotypes. There is a thin line between sexual and non-sexual behavior, however, but class men like ours don't need to be told the difference. They know that passionate kissing and groping belong in a private room, not at poolside with several young children looking on. I'm very proud of the fact that our men were aware of the line and behaved very nicely.

3. In spite of all the sexual frenzy in private, there were several monogamous couples in attendance who thoroughly enjoyed the event. A few had expressed concern that the party would degenerate into a mass orgy, but they were pleasantly surprised and felt quite comfortable. Even the deeply closeted and very shy were comfortable when they realized they were among real men.

4. A couple of the bidding Orlando hotels asked if CR was a gay organization. Even the Twin Towers asked in a round-about way, but we never used the word to describe our group. That word has taken on a lot of negative baggage of late and can even predispose otherwise understanding hotel personnel to refuse us services or "no bid." They hear the word and see the whistle-blowing "nun" with three-inch eyelashes. In lieu of "gay" then, we opt for "an all-male fraternal organization consisting of highly evolved men of all colors, religions, political affiliations, ages and sexual persuasions"--which is true. We politely let them know that the bond the members of our organization share is none of their business.

5. Granted, *CR* is well-equipped to get people together. But there is something magical about getting a big group of wonderful men together in the flesh. Many guys came up to us and said that the Gathering was the high point in their lives. *In their lives!* And they meant it with all their hearts.

So let's do it again and do it regularly.

We wish you all good health, lofty spirits, and a very pleasant late summer. Much love and appreciation to our family of readers.

Pat and Bruce

GATHERING PLANS FOR 1994

It is our intent to have TWO gatherings next year, but we won't have any hard data until the next issue. Tentative sites and periods are as follows:

CR 1994 SPRING GATHERING IN LAS VEGAS (4 days/3 nights, probably a Sunday thru Wednesday, mid to late spring) - The best rates--both air and hotel--are available on week days. There will be less traffic and more room for us too. We are currently soliciting bids from the bigger, less-snooty strip hotels (Riviera, Tropicana,etc.). Bear in mind that all functions are tentative. Sunday afternoon: Kick-off with a reception inside our large, private hospitality room (which will be open at designated times throughout the gathering and will have its own bar). Dinner on your own. Monday: Breakfast and lunch on your own. A lavish cocktail party and dinner buffet will follow that evening. Tuesday: Breakfast and lunch on your own, followed that night with a spectacular dinner show (depending on which hotel gets the contract). Wednesday: A farewell buffet brunch. Like at Orlando, you can stay over and keep the party going, but for those who wish to come early to enjoy the madness of a Las Vegas weekend, be prepared to pay a much higher room rate for Friday and Saturday nights.

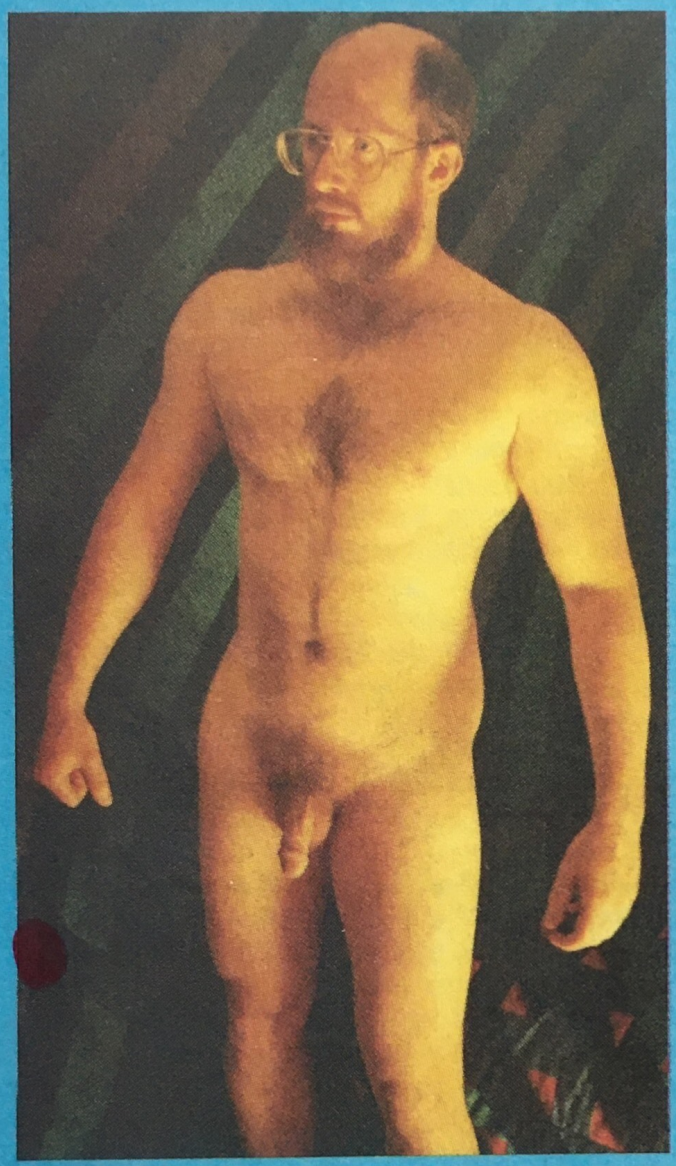
CR 1994 FALL GATHERING - BAHAMAS CRUISE FROM SOUTH FLORIDA (3-4 days, sometime between October 1 through 14, 1994) - We're already talking to a couple of major, gay-friendly cruise lines (the smaller gay cruise ships can't handle our size). They're interested and are now jockeying to accommodate us with some great prices on cruise/air fare combinations. Our goal is to fill the entire ship, thereby turning the cruise into the largest in history exclusively for mature men and admirers. Even if we half-fill it, we'll earn some pretty important special considerations. Just think of it: One hell of a party, complete with gastronomic delights, socializing, (dancing, perhaps?) gambling, sight-seeing, shopping, romance and hot action--all for about the same price it cost to attend the Orlando bash.

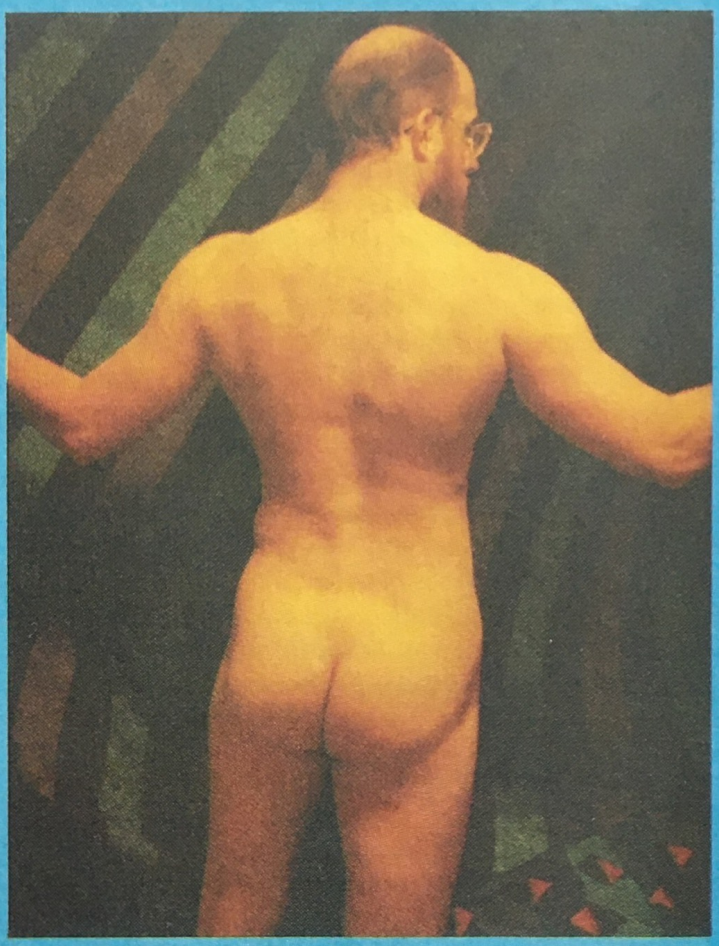
Something more concrete will be announced in Issue #58 about both GATHERINGS. In the meantime, however, we desperately need your feedback in order to get to the "concrete" stage. If you write to us during the next two weeks (renewal, etc.), tell us which gatherings you are interested in attending (hopefully both!). Otherwise, send us a postcard with just the words "LAS VEGAS" and/or "CRUISE" written on it (please, nothing else), which will tell us which GATHERINGS you would like to attend.

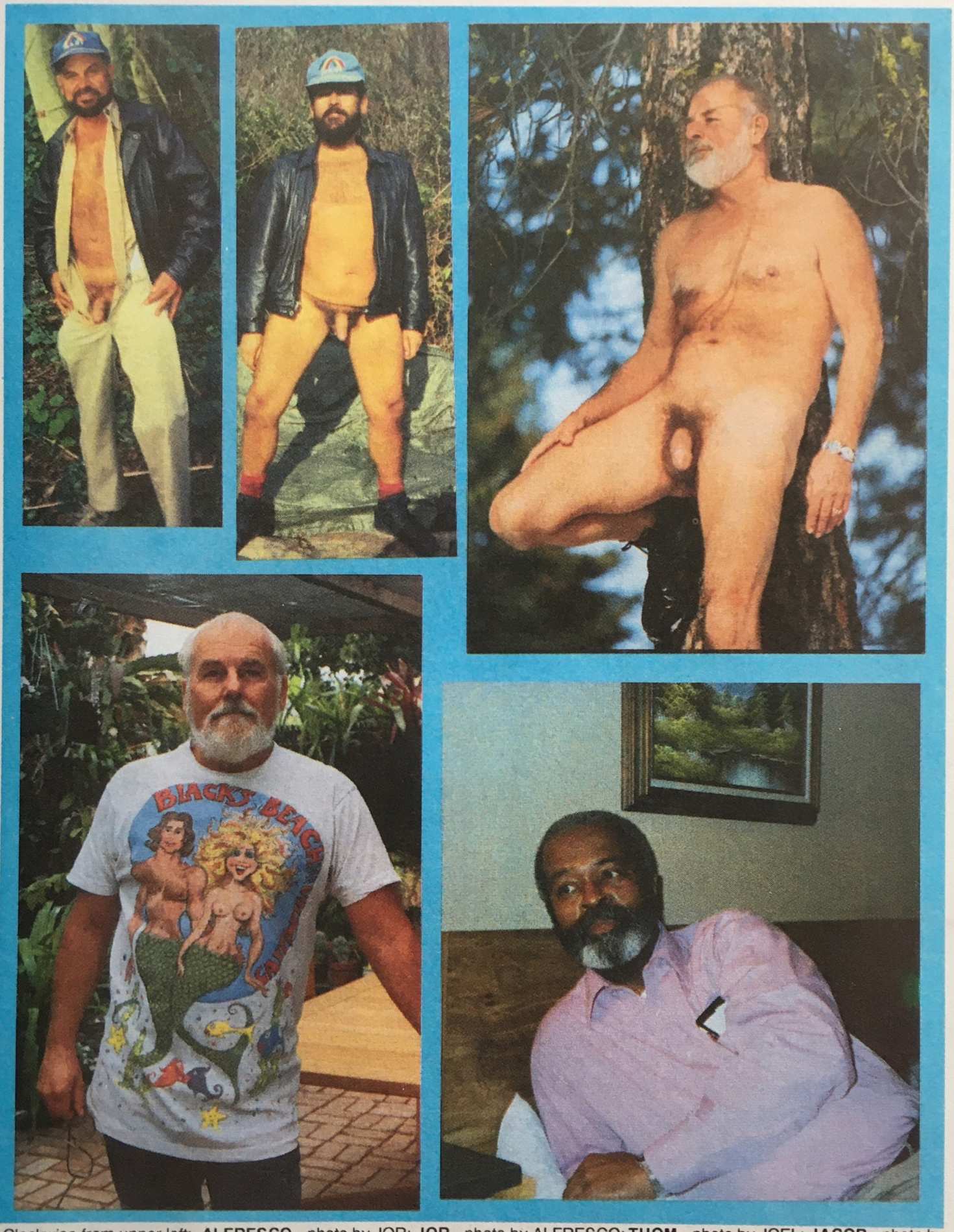
We're not asking for a commitment--just a tentative head count to see if we can pull this off. If you really would like something like this to happen but don't stand up to be counted, you seriously lessen the chance of its ever getting off the ground.

Please take the time to respond ASAP. Thanks!

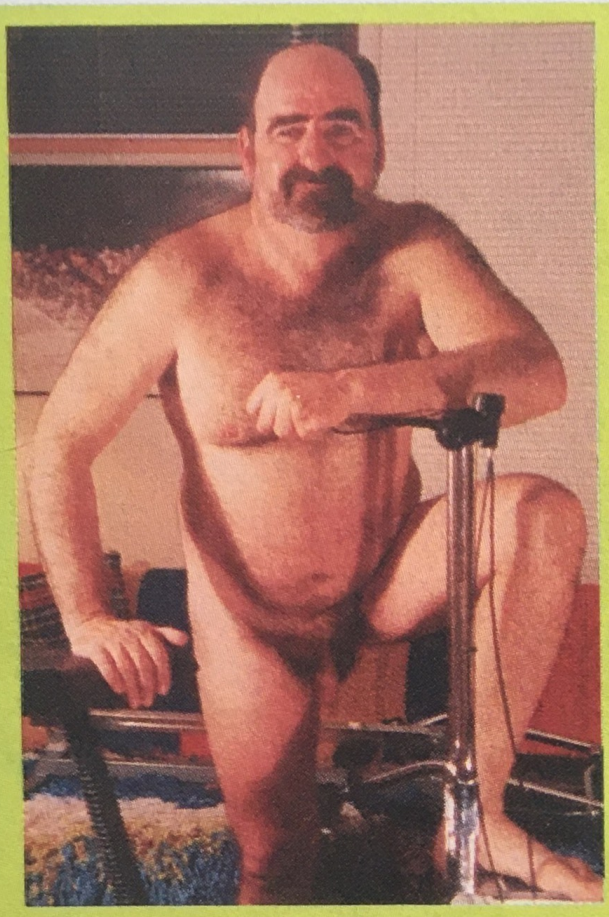
PHC and BAV

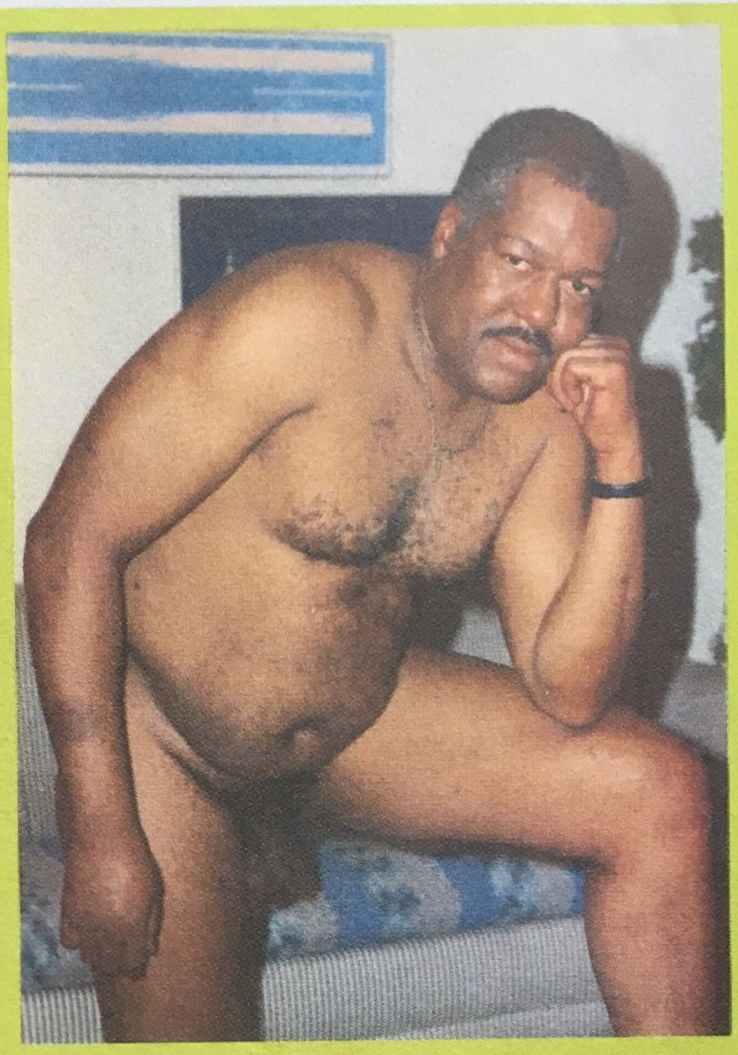




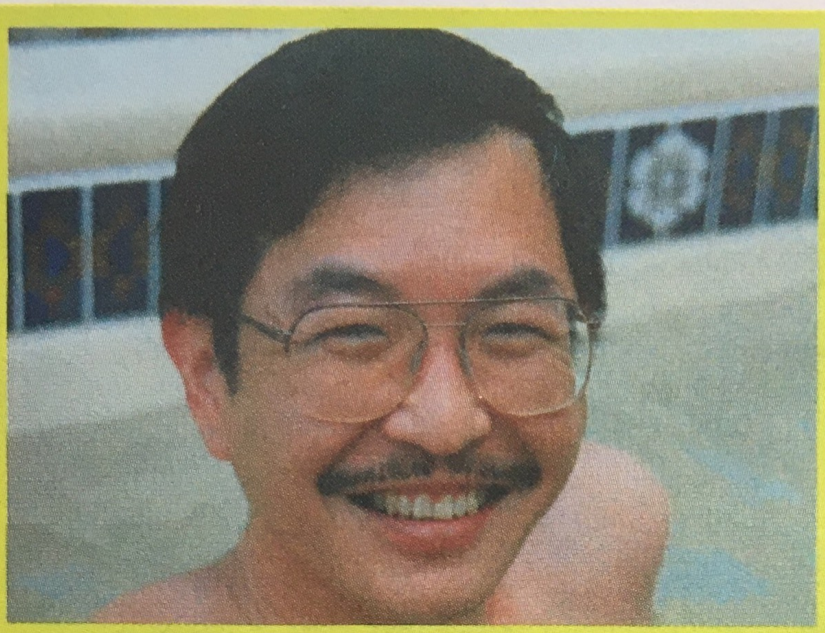


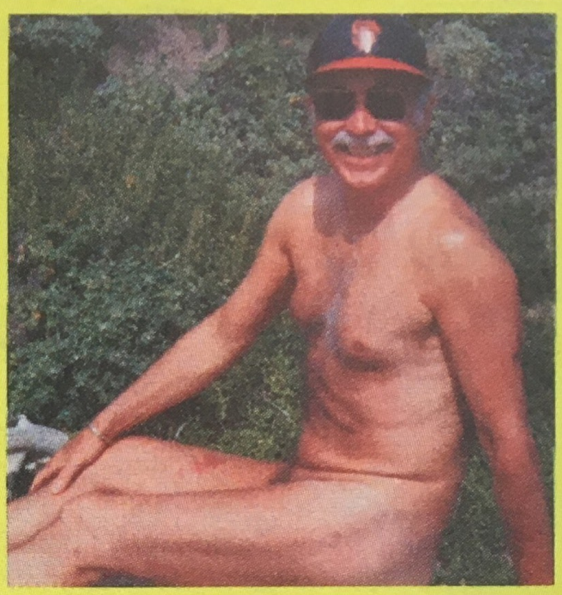
Clockwise from upper left: **ALFRESCO** - photo by JOR; **JOR** - photo by ALFRESCO; **THOM** - photo by JOEL; **JACOB** - photo by LORIS; **WALTER MITTY** - photo by WOTAN.

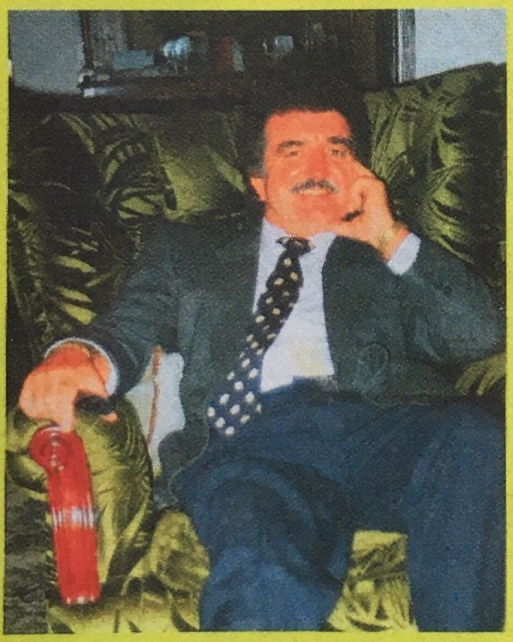


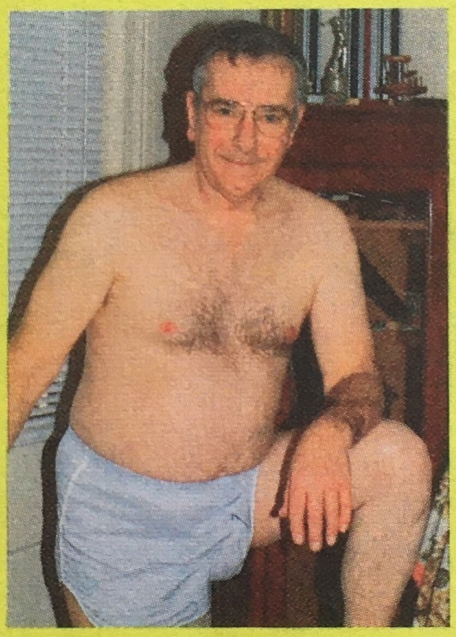


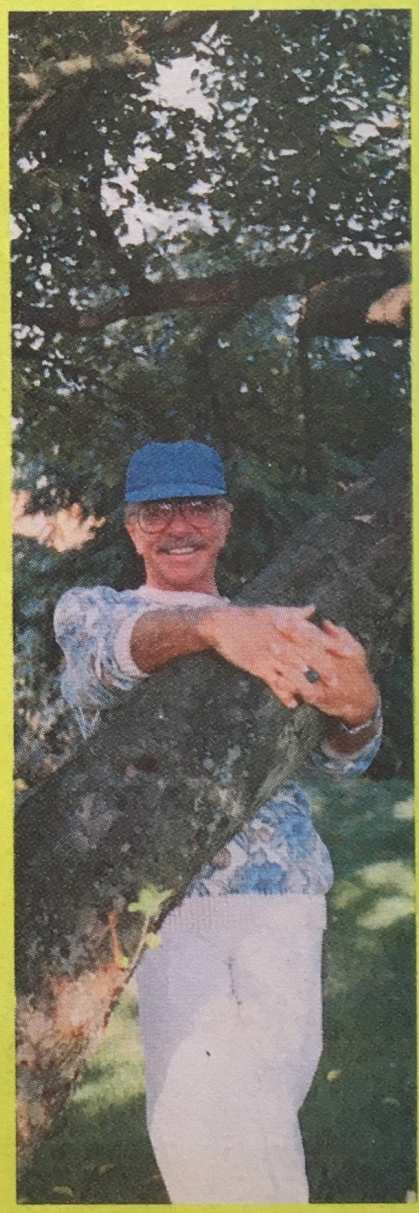
Clockwise from upper left: **MR. G** - a self portrait; **LARRY** - photo by JOEL; **BILL JR.** - photo by RON; **ZIPPER** - photo by RED

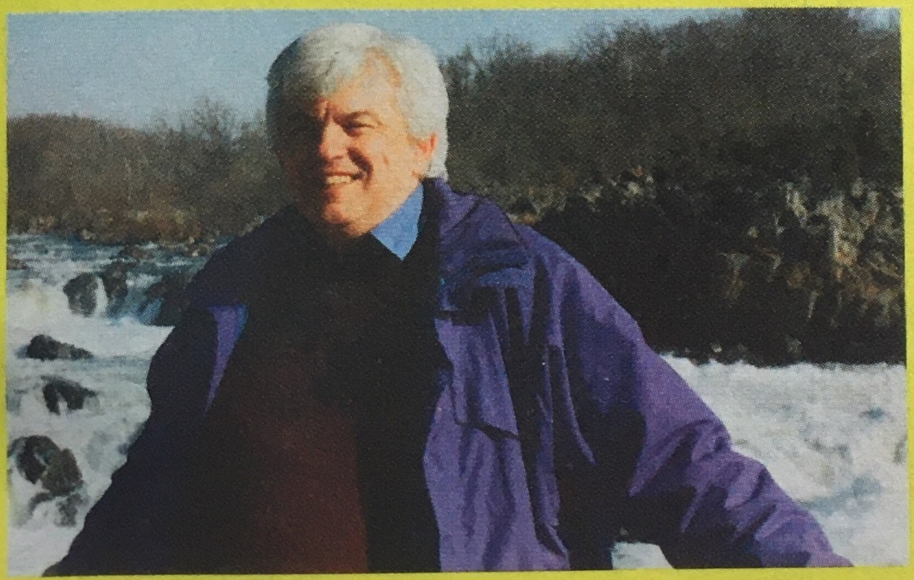






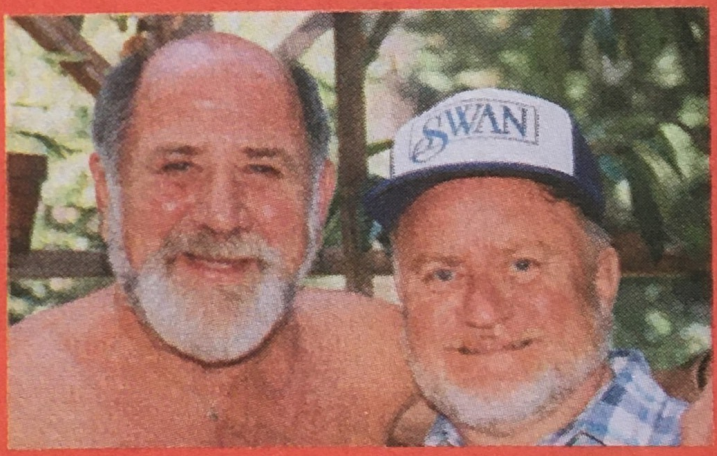






Clockwise from upper left: **YING** - photo by RICHIE II; **ROMIE** - photo by ELMER DEMING; **BUCK** - photo by ROLAND; **MOONCHILD** - photo by A Friend; **FLETCHER** - photo by ANON; (center) **NUTHATCH** - photo by JUNIOR.

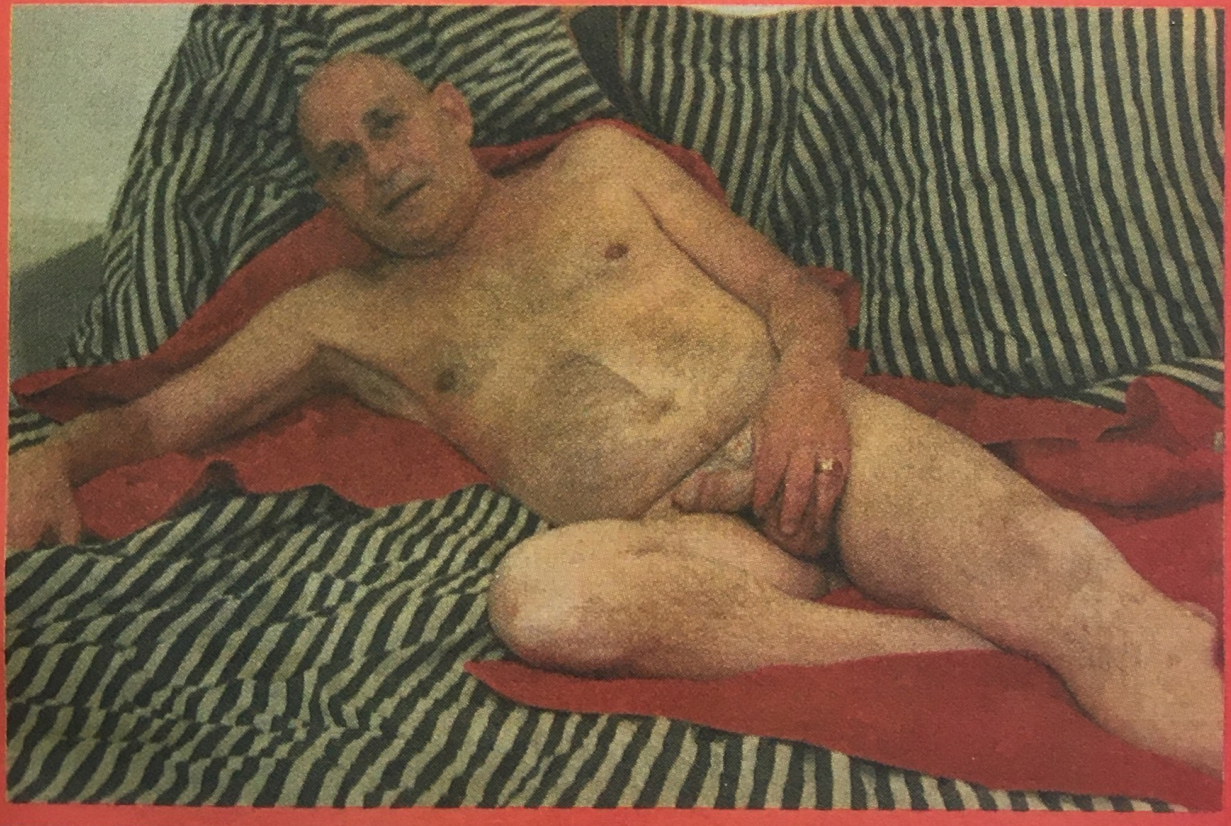
JUST BUDDIES



Clockwise from upper left: **ARNIE & SEAN** - photo by ANON; **BABY BEAR & BOB FIVE** - photo by RICHIE II; **BIG PAW & JOHN McNEILL** - photo by JOEL; **DENNY & DQ** - photo by RICHIE II

CHARLES OF THE ROCKIES

photos by KEITH



BARNEY
PHOTO BY TCS